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THE

WONDERFUL WHEEL

OF

FORTUNE.

FOUNDED ON THE LIFE OF

Solon Currier.

A book of remembrance was written—MAL. 3: 16.

LACONIA, N. H.
PRINTED BY JOHN H. BREWSTER,
1867.

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PREFACE.

EARLY in life I was impressed with the idea, that making a record of one's life, tended to ennoble it. There is an advantage in being able to produce a Book, for then we can send the truth where we cannot go ourselves, and speak to multitudes where our voice cannot be heard. Thus a good Book will be doing its work when the author is no more. I might instance a case in illustration. I refer to the writings of JOHN BUNYAN. If Job wanted his adversary to write a Book, why should any have any objection to my making an attempt, though I may not have the previously acquired reputation as an author? It is well, now and then, to get little of something from a new hand! How well I have succeeded in this attempt I leave the public to judge. The author,

SOLON CURRIER.

INTRODUCTION.

"O, that my words," says Job, "were printed in a book." The writings of Samuel, and what John saw, were recorded in a book, for the time to come. Here is presented the product of a Granite State man, and those that would understand it must read and reflect. A long time and much patience is required to produce a Methuselah of a book to go forth on its mission in these latter ages, as a nurse of virtue, a prop of independence, a repeller of scorn, and an upholder in adversity. Who is able to go up that hill, hard to climb, where the fall reservoirs are? Candid reader, leave the god of delusion, and lay hold on solid realities. The shining glass, raised by novelty, will soon wear away, unless there is merit to hold the attention.

In view of the excellencies of a new and stirring work, the minute bearing and ramifications of a progressive mind, a sound understanding is of great importance. I would summon my fellow men to come up to the standard of the higher life, to be unimpassioned and unprejudiced, and possessed with a willingness to acknowledge merit wherever found. In traveling up the hill of

knowledge and of Zion, I meet many coming down. In my onward march, I must say to such as are unwilling to go ahead, to take care to get out out of the way, lest they be run over. Those that lumber along the road, may feel envious at one who passes them in a whiz. Let rotten-ripe old systems be shaken, as in a thunder fit, and a cry be raised in God's name for burdened and crushed humanity. As all is not gold that glitters, one must look out in sailing down life's labyrinth, lest a descent be made upon him like a comet from the skies. After all, help and defence comes from the Almighty, and hope is in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Let a man be valued for what he is worth, taking into the account every successful stroke of the pen. Why crush the innocent, to save the head from being wounded, from the house of the wicked?

It would seem that this was not to be the case forever, from the inquiry of one of old, "Whoever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off?" Why laugh at the trial of the holy when the scourge slayeth suddenly? Fortunately the island of the innocent and pure shall be delivered.

S. CURRIER.

DEDICATORY AND EPISTOLARY.

To the mass who read is this book respectfully dedicated. The Holy being above narrow prejudice, will be able to peruse its contents in the light of a sound understanding and the word of God. Deliverance must be granted to all the children of Christ, and such as are on the Enemy's side should have their eyes opened. When the leaders of a community are false, there is danger lest the whole social fabric become heartless as punkwood. They run like little snakes into the old one's mouth. See them hug their shell forms and clank their chains. A basis of reform is what they need.

S. CURRIER.

Certificates.

This may certify, that the bearer, brother S. CURRIER, is a member of our Biblical School, and a Licensed Preacher of the Freewill Baptist Connection.

J. J. BUTLER.

Whitistown, N. Y., June 11, 1853.

New Hampton, May 1, 1860.

We, the undersigned, citizens of New Hampton, and professors of religion, do hereby certify, that we have known brother SOLON CURRIER for a number of years, and believe him to be an humble follower of Christ, a man of strict truth and veracity.

O. R. BACHELOR,*	OLIVER BLAKE,
JOHN BOEN.	JONATHAN KELLEY,
DANIEL W. WILSON,	DAVID EDGERLY,
JOSEPH CLEAVELAND,	MARTIAL BOEN,
C. R. HEATH,	J. O. SANBORN,
JOHN C. GORDON,	JOHN BROWN,
D. E. FIFIELD,	B. H. CARLETON,
ALONZO CHENEY,	F SEAVEY,
JOHN NASH,	JOHN KELLEY,
JAMES HIGHT,	JOHN M. FLANDERS.

* I have known Mr. Currier six years, and lived within twenty rods.

This may certify, that I have for many years been acquainted with the family of Aaron Currier of this town, and that they have during this time held a highly respectable position in society, and enjoyed an unblemished moral reputation.

WILLIAM R. JEWETT, Pastor of Cong. Church.

Plymouth, May 10, 1860.

We, the subscribers, citizens of Plymouth, N. H., and vicinity, hereby certify, that we are acquainted with Solon Currier, formerly of this town, but late of New Hampton, and consider him of good moral character, and his word for truth and veracity above the reproach of any person.

WILLIAM R. JEWETT, JOHN H. THOMPSON,
SAM. A. BARNS, JOHN S. LADD,
D. R. BURNHAM, GILMORE HOUSTON,
L. M. HOWE, DANIEL C. WHEELER,
JEREMIAH S. ROBIE,

Plymouth, May 11, 1860.

To whom it may Concern.

This signifies, that the bearer, Solon Currier of New Hampton, N. H., being a member of the F. Baptist Church in Holderness, Carroll Co. N. H., has this day received license to preach the Gospel for one year, by vote of the Sandwich Q. Meeting, convened at Meredith, N. H., May 27, 1856.

In behalf of the Sandwich Q. Meeting.

JOHN RUNNELS, *Clerk.*

Meredith, May, 27, 1856.

The State of New Hampshire.

[L. S.] To the legal voters of School District, No. 8, in the town of Springfield.

You are hereby notified to meet at the School House in said District, on Wednesday, the 10th day of May, instant, at seven o'clock in the afternoon, for the transaction of the following business:

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting:

Art. 2. To see if the District will vote to put a stop to Mr. Solon Currier and Aldred H. Fowler holding or having any meetings of any kind, or sort, in the school house in said district.

Given under my hand and seal, at said Springfield, this 30th day of April, A. D., 1860.

JOHN MORRILL, JR.
Prudential Com. of the District.

A true copy, attest:

JOHN MORRILL, JR.
Prudential Com. of the District.

To whom it may Concern.

This certifies that we, the Selectmen of Plymouth, N. H., are acquainted with Solon Currier of this town, and consider him of good moral character.

WASHINGTON GEORGE,
JOHN A. DRAKE,
JOHN NUTTING,

Plymouth, March 12, 1867.

CONCORD, N. H., March 8, 1862.

Messrs. Daniell & Son.

The bearer, a stranger to us, wishes us to print him a book, which will cost him some $400. We have said to him, seeing he is a stranger to us, that if he will furnish paper, ($150) we will upon his paying us $100, (which he proposes to do,) assume the rest of the risk, trusting to his honesty for our balance. Our risk will be $150. We wish it distinctly understood, that we do not, in any sense, recommend this man, morally, socially, or pecuniarily, for he is an entire stranger to us.

We have what little faith we have, on the strength of several recommendations which he has shown us.

Respectfully yours, &c.

FOGG, HADLEY & CO.

[Letter from Horace Wentworth, Esq.]

BOSTON, August 6, 1867.

SOLON CURRIER, Esq.

Sir:—Yours received. The price of stereotyping such a book as you mention, in long primer type, (which is what you want.) would be about $1,25 per page. It might be five cents more or less.

I would caution you against about publishing at present. It is a hard time for new books. The book would only sell for $1,25, paying at the most, 10 per ct. profit, and your plates after you have done selling the book, will be worth to you about four cents per page for old metal. You may think we are over cautious, but having lost thousands of dollars on stereotype plates, we think it right to give you a hint in that direction. We know nothing, of course, of the merits of your work, but would advise you to *read* by some one posted in such

matters, and competent to judge whether or not it would pay as a speculation, for that is the point you want to get at. If it meets the approval of competent judges, even then, I should advise you not to be in too great a hurry to stereotype it. Whatever your decision may be we wish you success.

Respectfully, yours, &c.

H. WENTWORTH.

From the Independent Democrat of August 29, 1867.

LITERARY. Rev. SOLON CURRIER of Plymouth, N. H., of the Freewill Baptist denomination, has written and is about to publish, his autobiography, in a 12 mo. volume of about 200 pp. Mr. Currier has had some strange experiences in life, and his book will, no doubt, be interesting and curious.

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CHAPTER I.

My Ancestry and Birth—Early Reflections and Peculiarities —An attempt to Learn a Trade—Conversion and Call to Preach.

MY ANCESTRY AND BIRTH.

I am a son of AARON CURRIER, and great grand son of Elder Samuel Currier. I have three brothers and five sisters, four of whom are older and four younger than myself. There was one still-born, of which little account is to be made. My mother, whose virgin name was ANNA HOAG, was of Quaker descent. My grand mother Hoag died at the age of about ninety, having brought up a family of fourteen children, and I reckoned that she had at her death, one hundred grand-children, one hundred and twelve great grand-children, and three great-great-grand-children. My natural kin are numerous on every hand, and are generally considered wealthy and respectable. The Hoags claim to be heirs of an immense fortune in England. My step-mother has two children; Charles and John Currier.

I was born May 23d, 1830, at Plymouth, Grafton Co. N. H. Must my life be considered a blank, while the atom in the breeze, the gentle zephyr, and the faintest ray of reflected light, have their appropriate work. Indeed, I must have had a little capital in life from the onset, not in the scale of merit, but of blood, in being reckoned above our old dog Caper. My brain might at first have been little more than a mass of mere pulp, but

let not parents despair at the backwardness of little children.

EARLY REFLECTIONS AND PECULIARITIES.

At an early age I was seriously impressed, and faintly believed I was destined to teach an unbelieving world, the greatness of the human soul. When at the age of about ten, a revival of religion came to the people of the Lower Intervale in Plymouth. My sister Phebe, as a Congregationalist, and Daniel and Mary, as Methodists, were happy, I suppose, in the Rock of their salvation. As for myself, I made some efforts to be a Christian, but built on the sand, like many others. In the midst of the vanities peculiar to my age, I was impelled on in the road that leads to destruction. I attempted to perform feats in dancing and climbing buildings, the sign-post, the tall pine, to place an image in the top, and the lightning rod, to touch the highest point on the steeple of the meeting-house.

I was oft fishing, and in two years I caught 1137 fish. I might speak of driving cows, of clearing land, of raising potatoes, &c., for myself, of work on the farm, of washing at the tub, of making rake-handles, of building shanties, of choping and shingling, of partitioning rooms in the shed, of making tools, of gleaning hay, of skinning dead lambs, and of making stone-heaps, and a wall by the side of the brook, &c.

ATTEMPT TO LEARN A TRADE.

November 12th, 1844, I went to Wentworth, expecting to live with my uncle Milo E. Haines, until I was 21, and learn the Cabinet trade. May 23, 1845, com-

pleted my 15th year. God's spirit strove with me, and I felt that I was a sinner. In the evening I tried to pray, and George S. Dean at one time talked with me about religion.

But on the whole I chose to procrastinate the day of repentance, as if, like Felix, I would seek a more convenient season. I invented and made a puzzle-house, which cost me much time and labor.

Attended a large temperance celebration on the 4th of July, and wished to speak in favor of the cause of temperance, but dare not. About the first of 1846, I returned home and attended school. In several months after an exhibition in which I took a prominent part, I started for Wentworth.

CONVERSION AND CALL TO PREACH.

Very providentially I found a prayer meeting at West Plymouth. I told B. Ellis that I was going in to meeting and see if I could get some good; for there was great need of it. This was the first Freewill Baptist prayer meeting I ever attended, and being a time of revival interest, I was struck under powerful conviction.

Realizing that God's unseen hand had led me to the meeting, I felt thankful that it had been so ordered, as I decided to become a Christian. The next morning feeling it a duty to kneel down and pray, alone, in the woods, I was fearful as though the evil one was behind my back. Eld. A. S. Clifford bid me God-speed, and I faced the wind through Rumney, and so on, to Wentworth. I again commenced work for my uncle but was troubled,

for I had found no peace to my soul. I tried to bend the knee in secret prayer, and shame the Devil; but for some time I dare not. Attended a temperance lecture of Thomas J. Whipple, Esq., at North Rumney. I made a speech, and the Esq. said, he was glad to see the youth engaged in the cause of temperance. I attended one Class Meeting and frequented the Sabbath meetings, but all appeared dark and forboding. I ventured to inform Priest I. S. Davis of the state of my mind. Sister Davis appeared much rejoiced at my decision, and said she always thought much of me. They gave me a bible and good counsel, and prayer was offered. In view of the precious promises to the young, this passage was repeated, "Those that seek me early shall find me." After retiring for the night, in view of the certainty of the promises and a consciousness of the sincerity of my heart in seeking, I felt the evidence of my redemption, and was consequently filled with joy unspeakable. In reply to letters which I wrote, I received the three following:

—

NEWBURY, Vt., April 16, 1846.

DEAR BROTHER:—With pleasure I attempt to answer your affectionate letter. Pleased, indeed, was I to hear from the place where you live, and especially from one with whom I have spent many happy hours; but who could tell my feelings when I heard you were converted to God? Could I have heard that a fortune of a thousand dollars, or the greatest earthly honor was conferred upon you, it would have been as nothing in comparison with what I heard in your letter. A sinner converted to the Saviour is not only an occasion of rejoicing among men, but even among the angels in Heaven.

Angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. I believe I know something of your feelings. All things undoubtedly with you seem to be new. The things that you once disliked you now love; and your affections instead of being placed upon earthly things, are placed upon things above. You love to associate with Christians, and strive to point sinners the way to eternal life. I am rejoiced that you have taken up the cross, and are urging and praying your youthful associates that they may go with you to Heaven. O, may you continue so to do. Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free. Be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. It is true you have many things to contend with in this world, but the Saviour has said that his grace shall be sufficient for you, and that too under all circumstances, whether in health or in sickness, in adversity or in prosperity.

I would say that as regards myself, I remain at home in Newbury. From the time I left Wentworth my health has not been as good as it was before. I was taken last spring with the inflammation on my lungs, and through the winter and summer it affected me but little, being able to work about as well as ever; but as the cold weather came on I was worse, and for fear of the striking to my lungs, the doctor did not permit me to go out doors for three months in the winter. As the warm weather came on I felt better, but it is very uncertain whether I shall ever be restored to good health. On the third of April my sister died with the consumption. She had been married five years. Her trust was in the Lord, and she died happy. I can say it is a good thing to be afflicted, and my light affliction which lastest but for a moment, I trust will work out for me a far more exceeding weight of glory.

Should I be able I may come to Wentworth this summer. How I should like to see you and the other scholars again at the school, and talk to them about Jesus, but I expect never to meet them all again upon the shores of time. Could

they see me, and as they gaze upon my pale countenance, they would, undoubtedly, feel to say, "Ah! he does not look as he did when he kept school here!

Blessed be God, my trust is in Jesus. If the outward man continues to perish, I trust the inward man will be renewed day by day. If this earthly house of my tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building not made by hands, eternal and in the heavens.

Give my love to those with whom I became acquainted, especially to those that I met at prayer meetings. I should be happy to hear from you when you have an opportunity to write.

From your affectionate brother,

DAVID McINDOE.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., April 26, 1846.

ABSENT BROTHER: I received your letter with pleasure, and was glad to hear from you such good news. It was different from what I expected. It gives me joy to think of it. I rejoice to think you are living the life of a Christian. I hope you will always be so decided, and not be led away by the sinful lusts of this vain and transitory world; for he that thinks he stands must take heed lest he fall. I hope you will look to Him who is the foundation of all good, for help to keep you in the right path that leads to immortal glory beyond the grave. We know not when we may be called to bid adieu to earthly scenes. May the blessing of that Being who is able to save and support us, be ours to enjoy. Let us rejoice for evermore, and give thanks to Him for his tender mercies and long forbearance with us. It stands us in hand while we have life and opportunity, to prepare for the solemn close, for we shall have to give an account for all the deeds done here in the body, whether good or evil. Solon, I want to see you very much indeed. I think of you every day. I

have wanted to see you more since you left home the last time than ever I did before. I miss you very much and often wish you were at home. I often think of the time when you were here, but it is gone never to return. You must come the first opportunity you have. I should like to come to Wentworth very much, but cannot at present. Armina says she should like to come and see you. Emily wants to see you, and sit in your lap, and have you comb her hair. She has got a little lamb. Martha Ellis was at our house yesterday, and Eliza Ann went home with her, and is going to stay two or three days. Henry and James have gone to meeting to-day, and as I could not, I thought I would write to you, having a good opportunity to send it by Mr. Smith. Tell Aunt Parna to come and see us as soon as she can, for it has been a long time since she was here. James finished going to school last week. Daniel will have some gloves to make in a short time. Mother is as well as common and all the rest of the family. Write the first opportunity.

I am your affectionate sister,

MARY A. CURRIER.

West Plymouth, N. H., April 30, 1846.

Dear Brother:—With pleasure I sit down to write you a few lines, in answer to your letter which I received last evening while at prayer meeting in the room where you met with us. I was truly thankful to hear from you such good news, and to hear that the Lord was with you, and that you are decided on the Lord's side to live and die. Dear brother, I will say to you, that prayer is the life of the soul. First, secret prayer should be strictly attended to. Always bear the cross, for in doing that, there is great reward, for God has promised it. Go on my brother, God will be with you until the end. Be faithful and he will never forsake you in this world nor in the world to come. If you meet with persecutions fear not, but put your trust in God, and remember

that Christ was persecuted and tempted while on earth, as we are, yet without sin, and he knows how to deliver us, and all that are tempted and persecuted. I pray God to sanctify you fully to his own will both now and forever. I will say for your encouragement, that we are prospering here as a church. The Lord is with us. We have had some converted since you left us. The Lord is good and greatly to be praised. I bless God for what he has done for you and us here. One word more and I close, that is this. I want you to come down here the 30th day of May, and stay through the Sabbath. You will probably feel it your duty to be baptized soon and join a church. You can join us, if you feel it your home. We all want to see you very much. Be sure and come down the 30th, and if you want to be baptized then you can. Be faithful, brother. Trust in God, and a crown of eternal life is yours.

From your brother in the Lord.

ALDEN S. CLIFFORD.

Having repented of my sins and given evidence to others of my conversion, as seen in my letters, I was induced to hold weekly meetings among the young people at Wentworth Village, to persuade them to come to Christ. In view of the withering nature of earthly things, and the shelterless condition of the wicked, I found it impossible to content myself with a mere trade, and believed I must do what I could to promote the cause of God and prepare myself to preach the Gospel. I felt anxious that God would prepare me for the work I must do, and that I might escape condemnation in the day of judgment. In Wentworth I was made the but of ridicule by some and kindly received by others. Having decided that God called me to preach, and my trade

having sunk in my mind into insignificance, I made preparation to go home early in the morning. My uncle wrote the following letter to my father :—

WENTWORTH, May 29, 1846.

BROTHER CURRIER :—I write a few lines at this time to inform you in a measure about Solon's calculation in the future. He says, as I have had a talk with him this morning, that he intends to go into the ministry, &c. I don't doubt in the least but what he has been converted, but still I have my doubts in regard to his making a preacher of the Gospel to any success. He has represented to some that he was not going to learn the Cabinet trade because I did not give him anything for his work; and he has told that I did not want him to work for me, &c. Now, that you may understand the facts in the case from me, I have always felt and calculated to give Solon as much as other men gave their apprentices if he stayed with me, and in regard to my wanting him is all imagination of his from my saying that he must attend to his work, or it was no use for him to learn the trade. He has just got so that he can do something, and it seems a pity that the time and pains it has cost should be lost by his abandoning the trade at this time, &c. I guess that Solon has been advised by some folks to leave work and study, &c. I want you to come up and we will have a fair understanding about this business. We ought to have made a trade before this time ; but we will not have any trouble. I should not have had Solon if I had thought that he would have left me before he had learned the trade. In haste,

MILO E. HAINES.

CHAPTER II.

Union with the Freewill Baptist Church—Life as a Student—Licensed to Preach—Extensive Labors as a Traveling Minister—Teaching School—the Death of My Mother.

UNION WITH THE FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sabbath, May 31st, I listened to the preaching of Eld. A. S. Clifford at West Plymouth. We repaired to the water's brink and the Elder baptized me with his son and Elbridge G. Blodgett. I felt joyful in the horn of my salvation, and my name became enrolled as a member of the church.

LIFE AS A STUDENT.

Piety as it is more intelligent is more useful, and he who has a thorough education is capable of doing more good. At an early age, though tardy in study and attainment, yet I entertained exalted views of the field of knowledge. But I had to work my way as best I could, and through great discouragements. As the poor student traces the footsteps of his dying Lord, he is often reminded of that watchful Providence, which feeds the raven and guides the sparrow. But by industry, economy and principle, I was always able to pay all my school bills promptly. Through my perseverance in the pursuit after wisdom and knowledge, I spent about eight years in school. I will mention the different schools which I have attended: Plymouth District School, No. 1, old and new school-house. Two school-district schools

in Wentworth. Nancy Mitchel's School at Holderness Village, and private school in Plymouth. Plymouth Academy. North Parsonsfield Seminary, Me., Smithville Seminary at North Scituate, R. I., Geauga Seminary at Chester, Ohio, Kingsville Academy, Ohio, the Freewill Baptist Biblical School at Whitestown, N. Y. and the Literary and Biblical School at New Hampton, N. H. Tho' much study is a weariness to the flesh, yet we must study to show ourselves approved of God. A person may go to all the Institutions of the land, but this alone will not make a man of God. It will never do to substitute literary attainment for the power and unction of the Holy Ghost. Piety produces transformations very surprising when a secret spring is touched, and a new power is developed. The declaration of David is verified: "The entrance of thy word giveth light."

LICENSED TO PREACH.

When I first began to preach, I had no license from men. Afterwards the Freewill Baptist Church at West Plymouth granted me a license and approved of my course. When in Ohio I was licensed to preach by the Ashtabula Q. M., and also by the Sandwich Q. M., held at Tamworth Iron Works, which was renewed at Meredith, N. H.

EXTENSIVE LABORS AS A TRAVELING MINISTER.

The command which requires anything of us, requires the most extensive action: "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Called of God, as was Aaron, in the office work of the Spirit on the heart, I felt that "Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel

of Christ." "Behold," says Jeremiah, "I cannot speak; for I am a child." "But the Lord said unto me, say not I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." It was a great but glorious undertaking for me a mere boy at the age of about sixteen, to appoint meetings, and attempt to preach the Gospel. While subject to many obstacles, God was with me as I went out in his name, to the east, west, north and south. My labors in preaching eventually extended over a vast territory. Embracing the States of N. H., Me., Vt., Mass., R. I., Conn., N. Y., Del., Penn., O., Mich., Ill., Wis., Min., Iowa, and the Provinces of Canada and Nova Scotia. I have preached in many towns and places, and to many people in New Hampshire, Ohio, New York and Nova Scotia. Have preached more in Plymouth, New Hampton, Rumney and Springfield, N. H., than any other towns, and preached more in New Hampshire, Ohio, and New York, than any other States. In many sections I have attended a host of prayer meetings in which I took an active part. Have traveled many thousands of miles on foot to attend my appointments and persevered through all kinds of weather and traveling, and was noted for not disappointing the people in being absent.

TEACHING SCHOOL.

My first school I attempted to teach was in West Scituate, R. I. I also taught a school in Ohio. My district extended into three counties and four towns.

(Letter from A. J. Tallant.)

SMITHVILLE SEM., Nov. 21, 1850.

DEAR BRO. CURRIER:—I received your excellent letter day before yesterday. I was right glad to hear of your prosperity, though you have been through scenes of adversity for which I mourn with you. This world is a wilderness of woes, as said the poet, and to this responds the experience of all such as have gone forth to cry against the sins of the land. But we have a friend above all others. His care is ever over us, and never, never, should we fear. I rejoice that you have been so successful. Thank the good Lord.

You speak of the town of Solon, that is a place where I have some friends. Mrs. Patrick is a cousin, and there are others there who went from Canterbury, N. H. Since you left here nothing special has taken place. I have not yet taken a school, and now expect to go to N. H., next week. I have been to Conn., the week past, preached once in Plainfield and had some very good visits. Elder Quinby's family are well—the Seminary is pretty well filled. I should like to be with you in Ohio, there to go forth and scatter the word of life, there to see souls flecking to Christ; but, dear brother, you know my infirmity, you know it is little that I can do. I sometimes think that my work will be short, and that soon I must leave all earthly things for the land of rest. But when I look at the great field, and see thousands crowding the road to hell, my soul is filled with new life, and really I want to preach a few years longer. I sometimes think of traveling to the west, but at present my nerves are too weak, the excitement would be too great. I trust we shall never be ashamed of our calling. No, glory to the Lord, no one has a higher or better one. * * * *

Well, then, let us strive on, and though storms beset our path, yet trust in him who is ever near to help the weary wanderer when he will turn to his Father's house, there we

ould dwell, there we should ever love to labor. Be of good courage brother C., the Lord will not forsake you. Let me hear from you often. As regards a letter from the church, it will be forthcoming as soon as the next Monthly Meeting is passed, which will give a chance to take a vote. But you are entitled to all the privileges now that would be yours, if connected with the church at Chester. Perhaps it would be as well for you to defer writing a while until you hear where I am. I have seen brother Day's P. O. address in the Morning Star, which shows you have him with you. Give him my love. I find among my papers a copy of your speech delivered last Summer at Exhibition, and as you probably have no other copy I will send this to you inclosed. It was probably mislaid when we packed. Now good-by my brother.

Your Chum,

A. J. TALLANT.

(Letter from Amasa Fogg.)

WHITESBORO, Oneida County, April 25, 1851.

Beloved Brother in Christ:—I am happy to inform you at this time that I received your letter some weeks since with much pleasure; but on opening the letter my feelings became somewhat changed, when I read the account of your mother's death. I felt deeply to mourn with you for your losing such a beloved friend, but we must submit brother to the will of God, knowing that he doeth all things well. Will God grant you a double portion of his grace to attend you in a strange land far from all fleshly friends, but I trust not from friends made near by the blood of Christ. O, brother Courier, do not despond, but consider that you are soon, if faithful, to meet with her, with harp in tune, and strike a song of praise to God, which will echo around the throne of God,

yea throughout the length and breadth of all heaven. Yes, it is then that you will no more have to take the parting hand, feeling constrained thus to do that you may prepare yourself to stand upon the walls of Zion and proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. May this affliction be sanctified to your eternal and everlasting good. Brother, you shall have prayers, and when you obtain access to the living God by way of supplication, remember me. I should have written to you long before now, but I soon made a move from R. I., to this place, and wished to have something to write before I answered your letter. Another reason why I have not written before is, because I have had many letters to write in connection with my studies, and thereby have been very much hurried, but enough of excuses. I am now in the Theological Department at Whitestown, am studying Latin and Greek, on a preparatory for my theological course. I propose to enter this course one year from this fall term. I like thus far much; have one lecur for each recitation. Butler is my teacher in Latin, Fullonton in Greek. I have just laid aside my Greek, after studying from five to eleven o'clock on my lessons very hard.

Brother, I have commenced preaching since I came out here, and feel a strong desire to enter the Gospel field as soon as I can obtain a thorough preparation. I think, brother Currier, I have made considerable advancement in the divine life; yes, great growth in grace since I saw you last. God is favoring me with his Holy Spirit at times. I feel that God is sanctifying my studies in answer to prayer. Oh! brother, is it not sweet living when we can hold communion with our Saviour, and that too as unceasing as the waves upon the sea? I can look forward with pleasure, yea, with great anticipation, when I shall be permitted to go forth and make the world feel and know that I am an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. My parents objected very much to my coming here, but I am laboring for God and hence cannot

come down, although every friend upon earth oppose me. This Seminary is situated in a most delightful place; it as much exceeds Smithville, as far as its location is concerned, as that exceeds Parsonsfield Seminary. This Seminary is situated nearly at the confluence of three villages, in which are six churches besides the Baptist, which is our Chapel in the middle building, on Seminary ground. We now have about seventy students or nearly so, which is the smallest term in the year. This term continues until some after the 4th of July, then we have some six weeks vacation, a very busy time with farmers and good for indigent students. I have had several spells of writing this letter, and therefore you will get a broken chain this time, to say the least. I have just had a letter from brother Barber of Smithville Seminary. He intends to attend there this summer coming. Ashly, Tappan, Greene, Paine, and Sargent intend to attend this coming term. Wiggin has gone to Ohio, intends to go to Oberlin. He came on with me as far as here, and then pushed his way westward, &c. I have not seen Hubbard since last July. He is now in Grafton, Mass., in the shoe business with John Bailey, who attended school at N. Parsonsfield when you did. Hubbard has thought considerable about preparing for the ministry, but I fear has about given it up since he went home, as you very well know his father and mother are opposed to all preparation in a literary point of view. I wish you would write him a letter striving to stir up his mind to the subject of the great work which you and I are preparing for. I intend, if possible, to get him to come out here with me, but I may fail.

Will God grant his blessing to rest upon you, new every morning and fresh every evening. Brother let us live humble before God and walk circumspectly in his sight. If I do not have the privilege of seeing you for some length of time, may you and I when thus permitted, be ministers of Christ, who need not be ashamed, neither in word or doctrine, or

humility, the greatest of all. Do not let any one see this letter for I have written after so broken a manner that I should be ashamed to have it seen by a stranger. May our correspondence not stop here but continue.

AMASA FOGG.

THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

"My mother when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son?
I heard not the bell toll on thy burial day,
I saw not the hearse, that bore thee slow away."

On the 20th of February I closed my school in Ohio and went to Chester where I received several letters. I retired to Brother John Palmer's near the Seminary to read them. I learned from a cousin in New York that he heard my mother was better, but when I came to open my sister's letter, I began to read, "Little do you know of the sorrow," * * * * I could hardly read any further, but turning to brother Palmer told him I feared heavy news from home.

The following was the letter from my sister:

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 2, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Solon, little do you know of the sorrow that has filled our breasts for a few weeks that are passed, but so it is, our blessed Lord and Master wept at the grave of his friend, therefore it is not sinful for us to grieve especially when our dearest of earthly connection has fallen a prey to the grim monster death. Yes, Solon, must I say it,

can I write it, and first communicate to you, that our Mother, she who gave us birth, is gone. We have consigned all that was mortal of our dear mother to the silent tomb, there to rest until the last trump of the archangel shall sound, to call the dead from their graves—"When this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass that saying, death is swallowed up in victory." She died trusting in her Saviour for pardon and salvation, in hope of a glorious reception into the family above, in hope to hear the welcome plaudit of well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord. Solon, let us adopt the language of that eminent servant of old. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." The Lord has bereft us, he can all our sorrows heal. We know that no affliction for the present seemeth joyous but grievous; but let us pray that they may work out for us the fruits of righteousness. I will now try to give you a faint description of her sickness and death. She was taken sick last April. The day Daniel's child was buried, Daniel says mother does not feel as well as usual, and immediately after she began to fail gradually until summer when she appeared some better; so well that she walked down to Daniel's twice, and would have come to our house if Mr. Draper's child had not been sick, Hannah not being willing she should go away. Then she was taken with a cough, but it was not very bad generally; she had a coughing fit once a day in the morning or evening, the rest part of the day none at all. I have been there all day a good many times without hearing her cough at all. She grew poor very fast, her appetite was so poor that sometimes it seemed she could not find anything she could relish, but nothing hurt her. We made up our minds some months ago that we must part with her, for we could well see that, that tyrant consumption had made sure its victim. If anything was said about writing to you, she said "be

sure and not tell him how sick I am for it will only grieve him, and he is so far from me he cannot come home to see me." Daniel did write something about it, I believe, unbeknown to her. She was very nervous, some people she could not bear to have come and see her. She could not bear to have any one know she coughed, that her feet were swollen, or any of the symptoms of consumption. Yet she would talk of death and that it was near her. The first time I noticed any striking change in her appearance was new year's day. It being stormy I had not seen her for a fortnight. I then went there with cousin Daniel Currier and wife, (who have returned from California with $4000,) and found her very much altered. That look, that deathish look, I shall never forget it; and from that time she continued to fail. At this time she did not leave her bed only just long enough to have it made, and was helped in getting on and off. The 14th she was worse, and so continued growing weaker until Sunday, the 26th. I was there until 2 o'clock. She appeared as comfortable as usual except very cold. Her feet were as cold as ice to us, but she said they were warm to her. I went home but returned in the evening, and at once noticed a change in her breathing. We all thought her dying, and she thought so herself. Her constant prayer was, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly, come and take me." She wished us to feel her pulse, upon telling her they still beat, she would say, "Oh, I am sorry." I asked her what word she would send to Solon? She seemed in thought for a few moments, and then said, "Meet me in heaven." That night, never did I witness such a one before. O, could I paint it to you, when all her children, (all did I say, all save one and him far away,) were gathered around her death-bed, expecting every moment to see her last breath. Twice I thought her last struggle nearly over, but she lived to see the morning light contrary to all our expectations, and through the day appeared to be dying,

but yet she lived another night and day, when Tuesday night about 8 o'clock she breathed her last, and without a struggle or groan, entered as we hope into that rest that remains for the people of God. All day Tuesday it was with difficulty we could understand anything she said. She therefore did not speak for some hours before she died.

Thursday, the 30th ult, she was buried. Mr. Clark. the Methodist, and Mr. Jewett were present. Mr. Clark preached from a text, as he said, of her own selection, found in Rev. 14 : 13, "Blessed are the dead," &c., and thus was she buried out of our sight never more to behold on earth. Oh, the lonesomeness of that house. I dread to go into it. How Mary must miss her. James is at home. He was at home last fall, and then went to Plastow chopping wood. When we sent to him about mother, and having a sore hand he came home about a fortnight ago. When he will go away I do not know. Henry went to Wentworth to School last fall, and now goes to the district school, kept by B. F. Cass's wife. We shall have a school at the village in future. A Mr. Shephard has bought the Academy, boarding-house and all, and will commence in the spring. Uncle M. E. Haines has returned from California. He came with Daniel who found him money to come home with. Osgood and John were still at the mines with very poor prospects. I must stop my scribbling.

PHEBE REED.

That night upon retiring to my room I could not compose my mind in sleep. I thought of the departed and what she had said to me, accompanied with the unrealized assurance that her words of counsel could never again be repeated. But my heart was not without consolation. I could rejoice in the midst of sorrow, for I thought, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Now she rests in peace. No more the toils of life, the afflictions and woes of this land of pain and death to assail her. Though I deeply felt and mourned my loss, yet while she left the evidence that she was better off, for her I could but rejoice. If I am faithful to my trust I hope to join her above.

The next morning I started on foot to attend the Geauga Quarterly Meeting, about twenty miles distant at Twinsburgh. The traveling was very muddy, and it came on quite rainy, and while in the woods in the town of Solon, I sat down and reflected on days past, even when blessed with parental care. I wandered a stranger in a strange land, but my mind was some composed as I knew that in a distant country lived those who deeply sympathized with me in this affliction. After an absence of four and a half years I had the privilege of visiting my mother's grave.

CHAPTER III.

Marriage to Mimory Ann Meacham—Our Struggles as a Family—The erection of a House—The Birth of a Son—An Account of my Labors in the Hay-Field, the Woods, and in the Business of Selling Books.

MARRIAGE TO MIMORY ANN MEACHAM.

While a student of Geauga Seminary, I was enabled to form some acquaintance with Miss Mimory Ann Meacham, who had come to Chester to work at her trade as a milliner. After seeing her a few times at brother John Palmer's, I had the boldness to inform her, that I had met with none that I loved as well as her. I declared that I believed we might live happily together. She replied that she felt unworthy, but would think of it. Miss Meacham being taken unwell, so that she could not work at her trade, I took her to her home in Cherry Valley, a distance of forty-four miles, and returned the next day. After the close of the term of school, on the 2d of July, at the setting of the sun, I promised to meet her. I had received a letter from her and learned that she could not sit up more than two hours a day. Meeting her at the time appointed, I found her quite feeble, being afflicted with a bad cough. After working in haying at Chester, I returned and found the girl at home alone. Her health had improved, though during my absence she had not been from home. I went to work and we concluded to be married directly. I went to Jefferson and bought some clothes and obtained a marriage license.

On my way back I lost my way, and wandered in the woods over logs and stumps. In the morning of August 2d, our union in marriage took place at the home stead. Elder David L. Rice performed the ceremony. After this, we made a visit with Elder Day and wife, attended meetings, and I had the privilege of preaching at the school-house.

OUR STRUGGLES AS A FAMILY.

My wife in order to replenish her store of knowledge attempted to travel, with me, up the hill of science, and therefore she went to school at Geauga Seminary, Kingsville Academy, Ohio, and at Whitestown Seminary, N. Y. For eight years we toiled in school and out, in Ohio, New York and New Hampshire, and though we met with hardships and difficulties, we were enabled with the blessing of God, to bear up under them. When necessarily away from home, the thought of again greeting a kind and sympathizing companion, often cheered my pathway. Like the tempest-tossed mariner on the ocean wave who once more desires his haven, or like the weary traveler far from his home, once more longs for the bosom of his family, so amid the jarring elements and tangled mazes of the world, it was pleasant to look forward to God and heaven.

THE ERECTION OF A HOUSE.

On the planes of New Hampton, near the pinnacle, in sight of the shingle-camp hill, in one of the most beautiful villages of New England, is the place where I built a house to live in and rent to students. It was through

great effort, with the aid of my father, that I was enabled to complete my buildings, in which were eleven rooms. This property eventually fell into the hands of my father, who paid me one hundred dollars, besides the note and interest.

THE BIRTH OF A SON.

The birth of my son Wilber Fremont Currier, took place at New Hampton, N. H., August 3, 1855. This was the occasion of sublimity, when all jokes should cease, and the instincts of our nature teach the nobleness of the higher law. "He was a goodly and proper child," Ex. 2: 2. Heb. 9: 23. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. Isaiah 9: 6.

An account of my labors in the Hay-Field, the Woods, and in the business of selling Books.

For twelve seasons I have worked in the hay-field in New Hampshire, Connecticut, Ohio, New York, Vermont and Nova Scotia. I have sawed much wood and chopped many cords in Ohio and New Hampshire. I have sold many books in New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Ohio. I always made the business profitable. With what was given me for preaching, and what I received as a beneficiary, which in all amounted to considerable, I was enabled to pay all the bills I had contracted.

CHAPTER IV.

My Success as a Preacher—A Prayer at New Hampton—A Union Prayer Meeting—Breakers Ahead—Impolitic Proceedings—Hell Insighted against me—The Wreck of my Beloved Family—My Overthrow.

MY SUCCESS AS A PREACHER.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things. How shall we estimate the value of a faithful minister, or as the prophet has it, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet," &c. How does the water of salvation bubble up along their path! If we are able to behold the true value of a faithful man of God, it is then we shall know how to esteem him. He is not to be estimated in dollars and cents. If so, he must feel that he is to have but little to do with the destiny of the world. If this is all, there is little in his life worth remembering on earth or recording in heaven. As far as I am concerned, not wishing to laud my efforts, I can say, that I have worked with my hands, as did Paul, not as an end, but as a means to an end. It is difficult to sum up a man's usefulness or success while he is living. But there is one thing that will out-argue the gainsayer. It is this: I can speak of souls being converted under my feeble efforts and some have died in faith, that were redeemed by my instrumentality. In speaking of my own

success, I beg leave to view things from a different standpoint from the worldly wise man.

A PRAYER AT NEW HAMPTON.

O, thou merciful and gracious God, assist us in the petitions we offer to thee, and grant graciously to listen to the voice of our supplications. May we seek that which is of all things the most important, and by an habitual trust and confidence in thee, be permitted to grow in grace, and in the improvement of our moral nature, which is found in that habit of mind in which there is a serious contemplation of the infinite perfections of thy character, and though the storms of this lower world may blow thick around and beneath, may we so cultivate the impression of thy presence, as to live in an atmosphere peculiar to the pure in heart. O Lord, we desire ever to be willing to stem the rugged path of this life, to stand up like Christians, and act well our part. As we call on thy name, O, thou Father of Lights, our souls are animated as the tempest tossed mariner upon the mighty billows is animated in looking forward to his haven, so we amid the conflicts of this world, are permitted with wonder and amazement, to look up to heaven. But while we have an existence in this life, we desire to have for our watchword that of the primitive Christians, which was to love, to labor and to suffer. O, thou Eternal One, how hast thou magnified thy glory in our view, and what a subject for our contemplation and improvement is brought to light in the great plan of Gospel redemption, in view of which we acknowledge that the highest inquiries of human science sink into insig-

nificance. May we make such improvement of this day, with its mild and sweet season of grace, as to have the soul enlarged, and the mind enlightened. May we be raised from minor concerns and transitory interests, which are so apt to absorb our energies and engross our thoughts, to that wondrous field, in which world after world compose one vast universe. We would bow down and adore before a wisdom we cannot fathom, and before an almighty Power we cannot comprehend. May we be divested of everything like that pride which would make us look down upon the earth and view nothing which creeps upon its surface more noble than ourselves. Our Heavenly Father, we hasten to thee, to inquire in the exercises before us, for the guidance of divine wistom and the strength of divine aid, and do thou assist our brother, thy servant in presenting the truth of thy word. May his soul be as a well-watered garden which is green, fragrant and fruitful, and also be permitted to feel in a special manner the enlivening rays of the Sun of Righteousness. May he never shun to declare all the counsel of God. The truth is to be spoken by him in all its stringent claims, and may he have the nerve, the heart, and ability, to pore in upon this people the threatenings of thy word, as well as to make known its promises, doctrines, and privileges. May our brother still utter his warning voice for all to break off their sins by righteousness, and in the light of an eternal judgment, may he keep nothing back which this people need—Amen.

A UNION PRAYER MEETING.

About the first of June, 1858, I felt an unusual weight of the cause in New Hamptom. I went from house to house to pray and converse with my neighbors. At length I found some aged persons anxious for salvation, and but little direct effort made in their behalf on the part of professors. Feeling it my duty to start a daily Union Prayer Meeting, I endeavored to find a place in which to hold it, and after making several unsuccessful attempts, I called on Mr. Bartholemew H. Carlton, who was engaged in the tailoring business, and told him my feelings. He had been a backslider for twenty years, and by some considered a hopeless case, yet he invited the meeting to his shop. Eld. Chase, Baptist, engaged to take hold with me, and I informed Carlton that the meeting would commence at his shop at one o'clock, P. M. This announcement made him tremble, as he said, and at the first meeting, the converting power of God seemed present. He professed to be a Christian, and commenced prayer in his family, joined by his wife. The daily meeting continued four months, and some professed to be converted and others revived. After the meetings were held at the shop for a number of weeks, they were moved to the Chapel, hoping to get out a larger number. I went through the village to get Christians and others to pledge themselves to sustain this meeting, and sign the the following:

We, the undersigned, feeling a desire to live for God, grow in grace ourselves, and to benefit our fellow men, agree to sustain a union daily prayer meeting the present term.

Our specific object is, 1st—to pray for the sanctification of believers.

2d. To pray especially for the conversion of sinners.

As a means of sustaining this meeting, we covenant,

1. To love as Christians all who love our Saviour.

2. To use our personal influence to induce all citizens, whether male or female, whether professor or non-professor, to attend this meeting, when the circumstances will allow.

The Secretary will note the daily attendance and keep a record of the interest of the meetings.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

There were formidable difficulties in the way of Christian union at New Hampton. Some ministers doubted whether an administration democrat could be a Christian. Bro. J. C. Dyer was a democrat and a biblical student. He wished to unite with the New Hampton Village Church, and have a request sent to the quarterly meeting for a license to preach the gospel. This subject was presented at a church meeting by brother Butler, who spoke of brother Dyer's call, and of his intention to labor in the West. Bro. Dyer had been in the place two years, and had neglected to unite with the church, and the brethren refused to receive him just for the sake of requesting his license. He acknowledged

his negligence, as no one spoke to him on the subject, and the reason that he had not, was not for the want of fellowship for the brethren. Remarks were made on the importance of brethren, and particularly ministers, uniting with a church on moving into its vicinity.

Some were surprised to learn that brother Dyer was not a member. Bro. Butler remarked, that he considered he had been more of a member in reality than some who belonged to the church. Finally brother Dyer refused to unite with the church, if there were any who had objections, for the church had unavoidable difficulties enough without his bringing any in. Bro. Wm. F. Eaton of the biblical school, taking his meaning to be that he could not unite if any one who was not present had objections, stated that he could not assume such a responsibility, and on that ground could not vote for his admission. Bro. Dyer's meaning was explained on this ground. If there was any known objection he would not unite. Bro. Eaton said he would vote to receive him as a member, if the question concerning his license was not to be brought up. He was received a member by a unanimous vote. I now moved that brother Dyer be sent to the Sandwich Q. M., for license, but the motion was not seconded, and brother Eaton called me ungentlemanly in presenting the matter. Shall the biblical school and church take into fellowship a brother who is unfit to appear before a council for license to preach? After meeting, prominent members told me that brother Dyer had denounced the ministers as a pack of hypocrites, and that was a reason why he could not be licensed. Brother

Dyer denied the charge, and I thought that strange proceedings were undertaken concerning brother Dyer's case, and after trying in vain to have something done, I asked the church to appoint a meeting to settle the grievance. The church refused to give me a hearing.

IMPOLITIC PROCEEDINGS.

I attended the Sandwich Quarterly Meeting, held at the Dr. Dana meeting-house in New Hampton. The question of renewing my license to preach came up before the Conference. Bro. J. D. Stuart, to whom they looked to present the matter, called me aside, and said he would have been willing to request the renewal of my license, if the question had come up one week earlier, but could not now in consequence of the feeling against me at New Hampton Village. Though my license to preach could not be renewed, my brethren had me preach at the next quarterly meeting.

Professor John J. Butler, John Fullonton, and Smith Swain, were appointed as a committee by the church to investigate my case, and if thought best to recommend the church to request the renewal of my license at the Sandwich Quarterly Meeting held at Bristol. Though my license to preach could not be renewed of men, yet I believed it was renewed of heaven.

But I retained my standing by being formally received a member of the Biblical School. Prof. Butler sent me to preach at Meredith Centre, and I found myself suspended from the Biblical School, for saying what was

considered the truth spoken at an improper time and place. After delay, I was received back into the Biblical School for other reasons than to encourage me to preach. I would not remain a member of a Biblical School under such circumstances, and therefore asked my discharge which was granted. After the difficulties which resulted in the dropping of my license, the church at my request voted to give me a letter of dismission, but I never received the letter.

HELL INSIGHTED AGAINST ME.

No wonder Isaiah exclaimed, "Hell hath enlarged herself." But fortunately agreement with hell shall not stand, and though they dig into hell they shall be taken. Left as a lamb amid ravening wolves. Being stripped of those ordinary shields of defence, I was left a prey to the enemy by what seemed to me a time-serving policy. The more I praised God and shouted glory to his name in consequence of these persecutions, the more hell appeared to be moved.

THE WRECK OF MY BELOVED FAMILY.

"If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle." "Judah hath dealt treacherously, and an abomination is committed in Israel, and in Jerusalem; for Judah hath profaned the holiness of the Lord which he loved, and hath married the daughter of a strange god. The Lord will cut off the man that doeth this, the master and the scholar, out of the tabernacles of

Jacob, and him that offereth an offering unto the Lord of hosts." My wife was a member of the church, but drank in the pride and popularity of the millinery of the place, and concluded that I could never succeed as a preacher. But the ways of God are mysterious, and men of learning may have but little spiritual perception. I was arraigned with my wife to make confession to the church, and brother Stuart assisted to frame the matter according to his view of the case, I suppose. I made the following confession at the monthly meeting, Sept. 3, 1859:

Dear Brethren:—For some time I have had, more or less, a want of confidence in you as a spiritual body in Christ. I have been tempted to leave the church in its adversity, and labor alone as a friend of God and man, or join some other denomination. For some time I have not had my thoughts directed in this channel. My confidence in my brethren has been increased, and the church has manifested more confidence in me. Circumstances have transpired which have been overwhelming. After trying every way which seemed in my power at the time, to settle my difficulties, I published them to the world, I have acted with an honest motive, but under a wrong influence. I now see that I have acted with imprudence in the manner of making public the faults of my family and certain students. In relation to my remarks at Meredith Centre, I believe I said nothing but the truth, tho' spoken at an improper time and place. As a brother whose interests are deeply identified with yours, I desire you to consider the pressure of the circumstances under which I was laboring, and overlook this impropriety.

Dear brethren, for the past two years I have been with you I have enjoyed much vital religion, and have been faith-

ful and punctual in your meetings of social worship, and constant in my family devotion, yet I have had my failings. I have had them in my family. I have had them in my relation with you. It has been through sacrifice and trial that I am with you to-day. I have regarded the cause of truth and justice and have loved God supremely. The low state of religion has sometimes caused me to be more zealous. There have been times when I have been so absorbed in religion, as to be too indifferent in other matters. Brethren we as a family have been driven to a great extremity, and as my wife expresses true repentance, I would willingly bear the whole reproach of this matter for her sake. Now in relation to myself and family I ask your prayers, your sympathy and your forgiveness.

SOLON CURRIER.

At times all seemed to go well at home, then again the enemy came in like a flood. When I thought the Lord would rule in saving my family from ruin, I little thought the Devil could exert such a power as to cause a separation. Sept. 11, 1859, my wife retired to bed with me for the last time as she declared. Where once sat the happy sire, and the little boy nestled, must the horrid form of the rattle-snake coil himself? Must the lamb go bleating over barren moors without even the skeleton of companionship?

MY OVERTHROW.

This desertion was unexpected on my part and sudden. For a week it seemed that every earthly prospect was blasted. Who could realize the love I had for the wife of my youth? My sleep departed and food seemed unsavory. I was blind to follies of my wife, and could see only her virtues. I thought I had taken a false step and blamed myself. The weight of the matter settled down upon me like a mill-stone. My past life was had in retrospect, and what would I have given to redeem my wife whom I loved as my own life? "Know now that God hath overthrown me," Job 19: 6. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise," Micah 7: 16.

CHAPTER V.

God Saveth by Miracle, and Giveth his Children the Victory—A Child Saved by the Interposition of the Almighty—Letters sent out about me.

GOD SAVETH BY MIRACLE, AND GIVETH HIS CHILDREN THE VICTORY.

Just think of the time when a rod was turned into a serpent to vindicate Moses and Aaron. Behold the sea parting to let the people of God have a pass. God bore witness to the Hebrews by miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost. Stephen full of faith and power did great wonders and miracles among the people. Simon wondered when he beheld the miracles and signs which were done. Then to clap the climax, were not the Hebrew worthies in the burning fiery furnace, Daniel in the lion's den, and Jonah overboard, all rescued by miracle.

I could sympathize with Paul when he said, "For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, inasmuch as we despaired even of life." Moses cried out, "I am not able to bear all this people alone, because it is too heavy for me." How David bore in his bosom the reproach of all the mighty people, wherewith they upbraided the footsteps of the anointed. The trouble that came upon God's ancient people was not small of which Nehemiah speaks. John

was once in great tribulation. Judah said, let me bear the blame, and David had more put upon him than he could stand under.

Now, in alluding to my own experience, brother Stuart told me he did not think it best to have me take a part in the prayer meeting. But I went to meeting and after giving up to the mandate of man for a season, I told the people I must speak for Christ, or fall into the grave and I felt relieved. The king undertook in vain to close up Daniel's mouth.

Having been so long disquieted in the night watches I retired to rest up stairs with Willie, and immediately fell into a profound slumber. The Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake. When my father and my mother, or my wife and brethren, forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Peter saw heaven opened. John said, "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from above." Paul was caught up into paradise, but he had a messenger of satan to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure. In the night I was aroused by an irresistible power, exclaiming on the utmost top of my voice, glory to God! Glory to God!! Glory to God!!! &c. Was it louder than the war of elements, the cannon's roar, or the thundering canopy of heaven. I received an instructive and impressive lesson from heaven. Paul in his visions and revelations of the Lord, heard unspeakable words which were not lawful for a man to utter. It is impossible to find words to express the glory I felt in the evidence that I loved the cause of Christ supremely, even above that for my companion. The quick blasting of flowers,

the love-dream vanished into darkness, the hand laid in that of another and not understood nor appreciated, is but little in comparison to a ray of light from the Great Eternal. It is true that in this life, the noble in soul are the most faithful in love. When my shouts of glory to God had ceased, a sense of the character of my wife and her admirers and flatterers was presented, and I became convulsed and agonized with loud, piercing groans, followed by a profuse state of perspiration.

It was a time of excitement in the house, the neighbors were aroused, and the report was raised that I was crazy. After a little delay, quite a number came to my room, I suppose to see what was the matter with me. Word came that my wife who was sleeping down stairs with Mrs. McQurillis wanted Willie taken from my bed, and I did not feel at liberty to resist. My mind being clear as the noonday sun. I answered promptly all questions put to me, but when I told them that God had been speaking, my night visitors scattered.

Sabbath, Sept. 25th, I preached at the Straights in New Hampton, from 1st John 3 : 14, " Marvel not my brethren, if the world hate you. I first spoke the truth of God, though called to contend with the combined powers of anti-Christ. I am called to suffer for Christ's sake. Is mortal man called to pass through such scenes? God alone can sustain me, His grace is sufficient. I will try and be submissive to God's will, and not fear what man can do unto me. In speaking in meeting at the meeting-house, I said it was a great consolation to know that God was my friend, &c. Monday, Sept. 26th, I felt that God had a great work for me to do. I had prayed

that I might be divested of every spirit fetter. I will look to God for my consolation and hide under the shadow of his wing, for has he not in a heavenly vision saved my soul from utter ruin. I have experienced the power of God, a work like a genial rain has fallen on my soul. The waters of Shiloh have moved around me, for I have embraced the humbling doctrines of the Lord Jesus. Let me ask why is all this plan concerted to crush a man of God in the ministry of the gospel? What must be the feelings of such when he sees a wrong spirit has entered the house of his friends, and that the choice scions of nobility are actually in favor of hushing his voice on the walls of Zion?

When I revert to the quiet and peaceful scenes of my home, of the early attachment of the companion of my bosom, and see the false and cruel representations to which I have been subjected, who can wonder that a heart not entirely adamant, must be pierced by the keenest agony? I have been placed in circumstances of great jeopardy. No ordinary strength of piety could enable a person to travel such a path, and still maintain his integrity and his innocense. I am aware there is danger when one is subjected to great and unlooked for affliction, that instead of giving new energy, and invoking the aids of divine grace, the contrary effect will be the result. But blessed be God when I refuse not to be comforted by any consolation drawn from earth or heaven, I am saved from the slough of despair. When I saw a cloud arising threatening my earthly prospects, I labored to my utmost to escape the impending storm. But through the influence of the people, the love-letters of my wife to Hiram

N. Turner of Bethleham, who had roomed at my house, and his letters to her, sent through Edwin J. Morgan, and what else was it, that I was deprived of the partner of my joys and sorrows. I trusted that the vicissitudes of my career had infused into my unflinching spirit, principles radiant with glory, sufficient to oppose all the middle walls, and partitions, and formidable barriers, that evil men and seducers might raise to shut my soul out of the kingdom of heaven. But none are finally doomed to wretchedness when pure religion originates noble and virtuous dispositions, virtue is measured by the power acquired to resist temptation. The greater the perils dared and overcome, the greater the magnitude of the victory. Shall I allude to Demosthenes, who dare attempt the struggle to master his stammering tongue? We cannot know what is in us until we try, and try again and again. Every noble onward step, dwindles the mountain of difficulty, and the ascent becomes easier until the summit is arrived at. Let us fish truth from the bottom of the well, and diamonds from the deepest mine, and learn something from the scenes and events with which we are surrounded. We may be the victims of misplaced confidence, and feel pain which is caused by the loss of faith in our friends. The hydra-monster may attempt to undermine the very fabrics of the soul which are true to itself. Words may stand for nothing but insincerity. Treachery may lurk under a caress, revengful feelings under a smile, and deception in a look. But shall the visage be removed that the dreadful truth may become apparent? When our friends grasp madly, blindly after forbidden love, and become willing drudges to Sa-

tan, then secrecy proclaims their disgrace, saying, virtue, purity and chastity are not there. Then we are taught to put our trust where no falsehood can cause our tears to flow, where no base malignancy can torture us, where no Judas gains the ear of those whom we fondly supposed to be inaccessible to a traitor. But it is safe to cherish the man who adopts the maxim, "Duty before pleasure," though he be clothed with the skin of a spotted lynx, and his leg bound high with a purple buskin.

A CHILD SAVED BY THE INTERPOSITION OF THE ALMIGHTY.

Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar? When Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son, the angel of the Lord from heaven interposed, and his life was spared. The advice of leading men in New Hampton, such as Elder Stuart, Prof. Butler, and Bro. Charles Webber was, that my wife should take the boy, but he was to sleep with me until carried away. At the time I was made to cry out in the night, Willie was taken from my bed, and I afterwards took him to Plymouth where he found a home with my brother-in-law, George Reed. After giving him up, and having endured the thought of his being carried into the West with his mother, the providence of God ordered otherwise.

LETTERS SENT OUT ABOUT ME.

My wife in a letter to J. M. Bean of Manchester, wrote as follows:

"Her friends," she said, "at New Hampton think that Mr. Currier ought to settle up her bills with you. Brother Joseph Brown, a gentleman who has boarded here in our house over a year, has very kindly consented to go and do the business for me. He will explain to you the trials which I have had to endure. My friends have written to me to come to them immediately. I know I have many kind, warm-hearted friends here. It will be hard to part with them; they all feel for and sympathize with me, and are willing to do all they can to assist me. Mr. Pike, one of the merchants here (a very good man,) said if he was in my place, if he had any friends he would go to them; and if I had not money enough, he said he would give it to me, and I have made up my mind to take my child and my goods and go.

I subscribe myself your most humble and afflicted friend,

M. A. CURRIER.

The following was written by mother Meacham, from Glen Haven, Wis., Sept. 8, 1859.

DEAR MIMORY:—This fifty-second birth day finds mother seated to reply to your most welcome, yet sad, letter. We are all in usual health at present. I can hardly wait for the return of mail to welcome you to our affections, knowing as I well do, that you have had sore trials, &c. O, can I ever be thankful enough to a kind Providence for casting my lot amongst dear, affectionate children; not only those who feel to sympathize with me in the trials of the rest of my dear children. Yes, Mimory, Edward says, write to her to come

right here, get Willie, your bed and bedding, with your clothing, and what else you can and start immediately, and never fear of finding friends among your relatives here. O that the grace of God my ever be sufficient for you, &c.

Your dear Mother,

CATHERINE MEACHAM.

LOWELL, Mass. Feb. 26, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of Feb. 7th, reached me last Saturday. I am here on account of my health, and you will excuse my short reply to your letter. I cannot answer your inquiries. I did hear something of the difficulties to which you refer, but I do not know anything in detail which would be of service to you. I think both were to blame; perhaps imprudent, as is common in family difficulties.

Yours respectfully,

R. G. LEWIS.

Mr. J. Barber.

NEW HAMPTON, Feb. 26, 1860.

MR. S. FOWLER:—I would state to you that the thousand stories about Bro. Currier are false, and made up by ungodly men to injure him. What Bro. Currier tells you, you may depend upon as true. We believe him to be a Christian in every sense of the word; and furthermore, there is no man in the State, to my mind, who is so honorably associated as he is with respectable connections. For the truth of the above, I will risk my reputation as a man and a lover of true Christian principles.

Yours, &c.

B. H. CARLTON.

PLYMOUTH, N. H. January 28, 1860.

To whom it may Concern.

This may certify, that I have been more or less acquainted with Mr. Solon Currier for some two or three years, and from circumstances which have transpired within the last year under my immediate observation, I consider him a man who is a disgrace to the ministry, and unworthy the confidence of any Christian community, where he may attempt to officiate as a minister of Christ. Some of the circumstances which lead me to this conclusion are the following:

He is guilty of uttering falsehood on more than one occasion. He has been suspended from the Theological School at New Hampton. I also understand that he only avoided being excommunicated from the church by taking himself out of it. He had been refused a license by the church previous to the circumstances which I have mentioned already.

I write this by request.

A NEW HAMPTON STUDENT.

I preached two sermons at East Canaan for Elder Hinkley, and he said he thanked God that he had given me such a message to the people. He wrote to brother Stewart of New Hampton, and made some inquiries concerning me. He said in his letter that I had given good satisfaction in my preaching, and inquired if he considered me a fit person to discharge the functions of the ministry? He received the following in reply:

NEW HAMPTON, Feb. 15, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR:—In answer to your letter of inquiry I do not wish to say a word, and still cannot decline saying, that

Solon Currier was generally regarded here as a pious man, though odd and eccentric. A difficulty arose between him and his wife, on account of her imprudence in corresponding with a young man. Both himself and wife did wrong, acknowledged it, and were forgiven. She afterwards says, that he held her and injured her one night after retiring, which he confesses, but says he did not intend injuring, and thinks he did not very much, as he held her only a few minutes. She afterwards refused to live with him. He took the child to his father's or sisters, and after trying in vain to get her little boy, she went to her mother's in Wisconsin. He asked for a letter of dismission from the church, and his request was referred to a committee. He agreed to meet them on the investigation of the reports, but soon wrote me that he had had trouble enough, and should not come nigh. The committee might investigate to their heart's content. He asked no favors of the church, and did not and should not any longer consider himsetf a member.

In view of the reports, his own confessions, and his declared independence, the church voted to regard him where he regarded himself—no longer a member, but excluded. How much allowance is to be made for one's peculiarities, weakness, oddities, or partial insanity, I do not know, and so cannot say he is not a Christian; but nine-tenths of my congregation would not forgive me should I invite him to preach, which I never shall, till he manifests a different spirit.

Yours, &c.

I. D. STEWART.

The letter signed "A New Hampton Student," was written by Edwin J. Morgan, as he acknowledged. His ground for charging me with falsehood was, as he asserts,

in telling Joseph H. Brown and Eld. Stewart, that I promised to let my wife have the boy, but would not.

Letter from Augustus Burpee, Esq.

NEW HAMPTON, Feb. 18, 1860.

GENTLEMEN :—Yours came to hand in due season, and in answer will say, that as far as I know Solon Currier he is totally unfit to be a guide or instructor to any one. I consider him to be a man void of truth, honor or principle, and I believe seven out of eight of the people of this place consider him so. He has, in my opinion, abused his wife in a shameful manner. He has spent years of his life doing almost nothing, and by his unkind conduct, killed all the affection she had for him; and, as I believe, in more instances than one, inflicted personal injuries upon her, until she could not live with him. And then he went from place to place and uttered the vilest slander about her. She for some eight years did the most for the support of him and family. And then, after having dragged her from her home a thousand miles, he stole her child, and then went from house to house, and said that she who had lived in our midst for years, one of our most respectable citizens, was an abandoned woman, and always had been. That she had been guilty of the grossest crimes in her young days, and he had known it for years. This part he told after she left for her friends. And I look upon any one who will do such things, as totally unfit to have reliance placed upon them. He is not in any way connected with the Freewill Baptist Church or the New Hampton Institution. He found the church were about to cut him off, and got the start of them by requesting them to drop him, which they did. I look upon him as about one third fool, one fourth crazy and the balance of his composition knave; this makes a cloak of religion to sponge what he can out of community. I think

three-fourths of the community would, as I do, give it as their opinion, that the above is a fair description of the character of Currier. Remember, I give it as my opinion.

Yours, A. BURPEE.

Letter from B. H. Carlton, Esq.

NEW HAMPTON, Feb. 26, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER CURRIER:—I received your letter last week and was glad to hear from you, that you were enjoying yourself so well. I hope you will enjoy a full fruition of a free gospel according to Christ and his Apostles, and I think you are on the right ground now, for you know that I have always given my influence against a proud and haughty church, for they have their ministers to tickle their ears, and to please their fancy, and cover up their faults, especially here in New Hampton. Now, brother Currier preach Christ and him crucified to the people, for I verily believe the people are starving for the true gospel, and there are thousands of true Christias in New Hampshire to-day, that would come out from them if some one would put the ball in motion. Friend Currier, visit the poor and needy, and minister to them the consolations of a full and free salvation. Be social with all, saint and sinner, "always abounding in the work of the Lord." In all things do to his "honor and glory," and there is no danger but what you will come off conqueror at last. Burpee, true to his instinct, still continues to talk about you, and says he has received a letter from some one at your place inquiring of him about you, but nobody takes any notice of him, for he is not worth noticing. As for religious matters in New Hampton, they as the same as when you were here, only they are all taken up with politics, and think more of the

Life of Old John Brown, than they do of the writings of St. Paul. Write often as you can.

Yours affectionately,

B. H. CARLTON.

Letter from Albert Mosher, Esq.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 5th, 1861.

DEAR COUSIN:—I received your letter a short time since, and in answer would say, that from the part I took in your affairs when in New Hampton, I look upon the matter in this wise: When conversing with Prof. Butler he seemed to wish to have the affair dropped and left in darkness, because, as I inferred from his speech, he was afraid it would make a noise in the Church. He found no fault with you as far as your being a Christian is concerned. He even told me he thought you were a good Christian and meant to do right in all things; but for the honor of the Institution over which he presided, he thought that one man had better suffer, than to create a muss, that might injure it, that is, the Institution. And, finally, from the whole of my conversation with the Professor and Elder Stewart, I could see a plain bearing towards the cause of your wife, although they both acknowledged that she had done wrong. One thing in particular led me to think so. Your wife was in possession of the likeness of young Turner, which she would not give up, altho' she was willing to make acknowledgments before the church, and return to her duty, and although as the Elder told me, he thought she ought to give it up, still, he said, that rather than make a fuss, he was willing she should keep it. Now, how could he do so, when he knew it was a moral wrong on her part? After the church trial, and while on her way from it, I met her; she seemed in good spirits and even gay. I asked

her, what I should tell her friends when I saw them? Could I tell them that it was all settled, and that she was going to live with you as man and wife ought to live? She said "Yes, I will try; but it is hard for me to live with a man I hate the sight of." I knew then that although she had promised to the Church, she had not changed at heart. But still, the church overlooked her intimacy with another man and kept her with them. The Professor and Elder both told me of her doings with Turner. Now, in virtue of their high calling, how could they do so? What were their reasons? They were plainly these: 1st. They were dissatisfied with you. 2d. They knew that if the matter was fully investigated, it would hurt the name of their Institution and Church. Such, indeed, are my honest convictions drawn from the little intercourse I had with those men. But so long as you *are right*, you have nothing to fear; the time will surely come, when your rights will be vindicated and you will stand triumphant before God and man. Until then ever believe me,

Your true friend and cousin,

A. MOSHER.

The following is a part of a letter written by my wife to Elder John Palmer of West Rosendale, Wis.

"Many dear friends advised me to leave and I have, and may I have your kind sympathy, or will you blame me. I met many dear old friends at the General Conference this Fall. All sympathized with me. Brethren G. T. Day, R. Woodworth, R. Dunn, S. F. Smith, and many others. All said I had their prayers and best wishes for my welfare. Could I have carried my dear child to the silent grave, it would have been far preferable. I have left Solon Currier and that forever. I stopped one week and tried to get my darling Willie. Perhaps you may think that I am the one to blame, but

it I could see you I could convince you in a few moments to the contrary. I have tried my best to have Currier be somebody, but it was no use. He has conducted so, they have turned him out of the School and the Church also, and the Faculty said, they had kept him in School for three years just on my account, because they pitied me. I have carried on the Millinery business, and got along nicely with supporting the family, which I had to do the most part of."

CALADONIA, Min., May 16, 1861.

BROTHER SWEET:—The bearer, Solon Currier, a Minister of the Gospel from New Hampshire, is a member of an Independent Christian Society, whose views are so near like your own, especially as to the term of membership in the Christian Church, that I have recommended him to make you a visit and confer with you relative to church matters. Bro. Currier wishes to colonize in some portion of the West, a Society of Christians for the purpose of carrying out various Christian benevolent schemes, especially the salvation of souls Brother Currier has spent two days with me. We have prayed together and held meetings together, and all has gone well. Brother C., tells me that he has not been ordained to the work of the ministry, and that in order to make proficiency in his work, this would be necessary. Being free from sectarian trammels, you will be apt to sympathize with him in his schemes of benevolence and set him apart for his work by the imposition of your hands.

I remain as ever yours in the hope of eternal life through Christ.

WASHINGTON WENDELL.

JEFFERSON, Wiona Co., Min., June 3, 1861.

Dear Brethren in Christ when assembled in Conference at Harden, Iowa.

We wish you to take into consideration the case of brother Solon Currier, with letters from New Hampshire, (as described in brother Wendell's letter.) The brethren here from short acquaintance, think brother Currier a man of good Christian character, and possessed with an ability to preach the Gospel. For the want of time to investigate, some think it not proper to lay hands on him without further acquaintance with him. Wish Elders Higgins and Lyons to take time to investigate the matter, and if they can do any thing to help him forward in the ministry to do it soon.

Yours in hope,

CHARLES PAGE,
WM. SWEET.

DEAR BROTHER LYONS :—The bearer of this, it appears, has been preaching in Minnesota, and that to good acceptance, he has been here a number of days, has preached three times with us and given good satisfaction. You will see by letters in brother Currier's possession, that he has had a cup of affliction to drink, and as he appears to be a godly, devoted man, I am willing to help him if I can. You will see by the letters, that brethren Sweet and Page think it would be right to lay hands on him, and set him apart to the work of the ministry. Examine him, and if it is thought advisable, we will attend to the imposition of hands during the progress of the conference at Harden. We shall, a number of us be down to the Conference from this place.

Yours in haste,

Y. HIGGINS.

Elder L. Lyons.

Letter from Mrs. J. M. B. Mead.

BELVIDERE, Ill., June 5, 1861.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I received your kind letter to-day, through the kindness of brother Wm. Edwards, who seeing a letter for me advertised, very kindly went and got it for me. I am sure I cannot conceive why they did not send it to me as some of our people are at the Post Office almost every day. I am almost afraid that this line will not reach you as I see your letter is dated April 25th, still perhaps it may, so I think I'll risk it. I was very glad to hear from you though so long a time had passed since you left here that I had almost given up all idea of either seeing or hearing from you in this world again. Still I felt there was one place where we should meet—at the mercy seat—for brother daily has your name been mentioned by me among those friends for whom I would implore an especial blessing at the hands of our dear Saviour, and I trust that sometimes you think of me, when you draw near to the Lord by prayer. I know that I have no claim to an interest in your prayers though I do hope I am so highly favored. I also know that the prayers of all my poor life could not repay the debt of gratitude I owe you, regarding you, as I do, as the means under God, of my finding that peace in Christ which the world can neither give nor take away. Oh, I do thank God for a religion that can take even the fear of death away. Since I saw you, I have been very sick, so that I thought every time I caught my breath it would be the last time, and glory be to our Lord who giveth us the victory, I not only was not frightened, but felt ready, and more than ready, to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Contrary to my expectations, almost hopes, I have recovered so far as to enjoy the privilege of attending church several times. For two weeks I was unable to speak above a whisper, but now the Lord has been graciously pleased to re-

store my voice. Oh, may I ever use it to his glory. My health is very poor still. Indeed I can well say, soul be thou also ready, "for in such a day and hour as ye think not of the son of man cometh." Brother will you not unite with me in praying that come when he may, he will find my lamp trimmed and burning. I have had since you were here the blessed privilege of commemorating the love of our Lord by his own holy sacrament of communion. Oh, brother Currier, how can I express my emotions on that solemn occasion. It was indeed a foretaste of heaven. I have been trying by the grace of God assisting me, to overcome my slavish fear of the world, and think I can truly say, I have, in a measure. * * I see I have written altogether about self. Pardon me. I do feel sorry for you to think how much trouble you have had, but you know where to go for help, and you also know, "No cross, no crown." Sister Derthick was here when I read your letter. She sends best wishes. I think she is striving for the crown. She is at present much cast down as her three oldest sons have enlisted, and gone to fight for their country. Roset says, don't forget her. I can't see as yet that there is any change in her, but with God all things are possible. Wm. Edwards will write to you shortly. I shall be happy to hear from you again.

J. M. B. MEAD.

Letter from Miss Cynthia A. Langley, of the society of the friends of God:—

CANAAN, N. H., July 9, 1860.

DEAR FRIEND SOLON:—Your letter, dated July 2d, was kindly received by me. It gives me much pleasure to think I have a friend who has a care or a thought for my future welfare. I think I have never found any one that had that deep interest for me that you appear to have. I hope and

trust that I am not deceived. I am happy to hear that you are in such good spirits, and that your faith still abideth with you. I feel to praise God to day that I ever found Him to be a just and true God. I know dear friend Solon, that I was sincere in making a profession of religion, and I am safe to say, that I felt an evidence within, that Christ had forgiven my sins. I know that I am a weak one among Christ's flock but I mean to look to Him that is mighty, and if I only look to Him in faith, I think he will be ready and willing to pour out his grace upon me whenever I call upon his name. Dear friend Solon, I want you to pray for me, that I may not be tempted with the carnal things of this world, and be caught in the snare of the evil one. You speak in your letter of going west. I shall lament your absence greatly, but I hope you will not be long away, for I think you are one of God's children, and I feel better to spend one day within the sound of your voice, than I should to spend a month in the King's palace. What you said to me encouraged me more than I can now express. You tell me that you hope I shall overcome the reluctance I feel to speaking in meeting. I hope and trust I shall. I think it is all right for me to speak of God's goodness in public, but I have not felt that liberty to speak in meetings that I wish I did, but do not judge from that, that my profession of religion was false. There is a sort of diffidence about me I have not yet conquered. I want to see you very much before you leave for the west. I expect to go home to-morrow to spend this week. If I do not meet you there, I hope you will call and see me at Canaan.

Truly your friend,

CYNTHIA A. LANGLEY.

EDUCATIONAL NOMENCLATORS.

We, the undersigned, for the purpose of bettering our condition in life, and that of our fellow men, form ourselves into a Society of Educational Nomenclators, to associate in the new town of Economy in the West, where the blessings of social amelorations can be more equally enjoyed, taking advantage of the climate, water privilege, and the cheap. rich, virgin soil. Investigation in regard to Agricultural, Educational and Rural Economy at the present epoch, in an eventful age of progress like our own, invites the attention of enterprising men. We assert that general intellectuality should be brought to bear in a definite manner upon the arduous labors of real life, with a quantum of moral and religious culture. So as to be better fitted to contend with specific difficulties, and secure success in the practical business to which we may devote ourselves; and thus a beacon-light be raised to accomplish real good to our race. Good books are our limited agents, and though they contain only the shadow of things, we must not undervalue them. We consider it most important in all matters of an educational, agricultural, and religious nature, to seek an understanding of the essence, substance, germ, pith, or kernel, and apply names, as far as possible, to designate what we mean. We will devote one-tenth of our income for benevolent purposes, when our association becomes formed in the town of Economy. We design to erect an Educational Institution for general information and biblical research, which under God, we hope will be the means of sending out Missionaries and Bishops to advance

the general cause of Christianity. The Institution of the Nomenclators, or the Friends' Home, will have for its specific objects:

1. The support of the needy.
2. The protection of the week.
3. The instruction of the ignorant.
4. The reformation of the wayward.
5. The temporal and spiritual good of all far and near.

David Salvage, Henry Retzeback, David T. Russell, David J. Newman, Joseph Russell, Jacob B. Gage, Solon Currier, Samantha A. Salvage, Diana A. M. Coon, Susannah Russell, Emma M. A. Russell.

A word from David W. Welch.

This brother wrote in April, 1853, indulging the hope of entering the Biblical School at New Hampton, as an indigent student. He felt anxious that the School might prosper, and not be built up with pride and aristocracy. Let us, says he, never cease to pray for its prosperity. David had been preaching at Alexandria Village, with Eld. S. Leavitt. He also had preached on Comming's Hill, in Plymouth, and also in Benton, and had made an attempt in Sandwich Woods. Some have sneered at his efforts, when behold him teaching school, white-washing, paper-hanging, shoe-making, peddling books, and writing for the newspapers. He says, "one thing should be borne in mind, that is, to do as well as say. There are two classes, one who do something, the other, forever talking about it, but never get at it."

CHAPTER VI.

The Letter declaring my Independence from the Church—Formed a Society of the Friends of God—The Free Methodists—The Case of Lottie Boomer—How I Sounded the Alarm at New Hampton—How Taken by the Devil.

THE LETTER DECLARING MY INDEPENDENCE FROM THE CHURCH.

My brother, Daniel H. Currier, wrote the following letter, and hardly knowing what to do, I signed it and sent it on, instead of going myself, and after which I had many misgivings:

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Oct. 17, 1861.

To the New Hampton Village Church:

Rev. I. D. STEWART, Pastor, Brethren and Sisters—

I have concluded since I met you last evening, to make no defence against any charges you bring against me. I have had trouble enough, without raking the matter over before you; and if it will be any satisfaction to you, you can investigate to your heart's content. I neither ask nor expect anything from your hands. I withdraw myself from your church, and shall not, under any circumstances, consider myself a member of the New Hampton Village F. W. Baptist Church. I have asked a letter from your hands, which you have refused on the ground that you wished to investigate in regard to my Christian character. Right and wrong are not decided by woman's tears, neither by the prejudiced minds of

a gossiping people. I trust the whole matter to a higher tribunal where justice will be meted, and where I hope to stand acquitted.

Yours respectfully

SOLON CURRIER.

FORMED A SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF GOD.

I held meetings at Fowler city in Springfield most every evening, and also on the Sabbath for about six weeks. The following was signed by seventeen persons:

SPRINGFIELD, N. H., March 3, 1860.

We, the undersigned, United Friends of God, for our mutual good, and the advancement of the cause of Christ, wish to form ourselves into a Christian Church. We would adopt the Bible as the man of our counsel. The instruction of the Gospel is in harmony with the teachings of the inner man, the law of truth written on the heart. Therefore, we do not wish to coerce the conscience of any member of our unity, but admonish each other to yield to the highest conviction of an enlightened conscience. For some time past we have been blessed with the unwearied efforts of brother Solon Currier of Plymouth, N. H. The power of God has attended the word. Our hearts have been quickened and souls gathered to Christ. We believe brother Currier to be a man of decided piety, and called of God to the work of the ministry. His circumstances, however, are very peculiar. Having been a preacher in the Freewill Baptist

connection about fourteen years, but owing to misfortune is not now a member of any denomination. As he proposes to unite with us, and whereas there are many reports in circulation derogatory to his Christian character, we appeal to the ministers of the Christian connection to take measures to bring the truth to light; and if found innocent and qualified for the office of the ministry, to set him apart to the same.

Jethro Barber, Jeremiah B. Fowler, David S. Luce, Aldred H. Fowler, Enos Morrill, James S. Hartford, Leonard Lamphere, Hiram Barber, Lowel F. Barber, Henry R. Flanders, Nancy C. Luce, Christina B. Fowler, Betsy Morrill, Hannah C. Rollins, Cynthia A. Langley, Lydia J. Barber, Mrs. Carpenter.

Between thirty and forty signed the following:—

"We, the undersigned, for our good and the advancement of the cause of Christ, deem it expedient to become associated in a religious society by the name of *The Friends of God.* The sum of Practical Godliness, reflected in the People of God, in all time, we consider appropriately designated by the distinctive title, Friend of God, which was given to Abraham and his seed. Scriptural names as titles given to saints, tower far above those of mere human invention. Christ recognized the value of the relation expressed by the endearing word Friend, when he applied it to the branch of the true vine. We adopt the Holy Bible as the foundation of

our hope and the man of our counsel, but reject the narrow creeds of designing men, and the subtle arguments of divided and sub-divided parties, which serve to leave their votaries destitute of the real power of salvation from all sin. God has taught us in thoughts that breathe and words that burn, to keep the unity of the spirit; and in order to this, we covenant to watch over each other for good, and strive to build each other up in faith and holiness, exercising that charity which never faileth. Our faith is founded in the love of Christ, the great law by which we are to regulate our course of conduct to each other. Having partaken of the Divine Nature, we wish in our onward progress, to add the Christian graces, such as love, joy, peace, union, hope and charity, mercy, humility and meekness, virtue, knowledge and patience, godliness and brotherly kindness. We wish to be known by our fruits, and so prove our faith as to manifest it by noble deeds. Our efforts should be directed by the word, the divine spirit, and the fire of the one baptism. As the Lord's freemen we enjoy liberty of conscience to yield to the highest conviction of an enlightened mind. No difference in manners, age, conplexion, rank or fortune, nation or sect, shall mar our union. Our object is to labor unitedly, by making a test of membership in the practical virtues of a godly life. The mass of the world and nominal professors are not moving in the order of heaven. Reform we earnestly desire. The Lord seems to be raising up the men and women for the contest, to forego the conveniences of ease and honor, to grapple with popular prejudices, that the powers of darkness may be shaken. A consciousness of

being in the right, will give elastic energy to every faculty, and string every nerve to labor for the cause of Christ. We will urge the victories of the cross, and pray that the Lord will give heroic self-sacrifice in raising up a people united for himself. What is now needed is a living testimony to show forth a future increase of the light of the things of God. The ministers of the Covenant are all especially appointed by the Great High Priest over the House of God, and should live of that Gospel which they preach. Both male and female are found prophesying and ministering, and the apostle gives direction how they should appear in the ministry. That we may be kept from falling we trust, not in outward ordinances, or the church, but in the arm of the Almighty. We wish to enter the Everlasting Covenant of friendship made with Abraham and his seed, that we may stand unshaken, and the gates of hell never prevail. In the Bible standard for the people, it will be a point of wisdom to see that each member of our unity, shall adhere strictly to the immutable principles of moral rectitude. Should any member's conduct be inconsistent with our profession, after being duly admonished by the scriptural rule, without signs of repentance and amendment, his name may be eraced by the general consent of the society."

THE FREE METHODISTS

Upon traveling into the West I found in Illinois a new sect of people, called "Free Methodists." As they very much took my mind, I attended many of their meetings in different parts, preached among them and led Class Meetings. Though they were much spoken against, they had much increase. If they were noisy, they had a spirit that went home to the heart.

THE CASE OF LOTTIE BOOMER.

This young woman was a Free Methodist, and made an attempt to preach. She was much interested for me, and believed the Lord had a great work for me, and that I must be instrumental of a thousand souls being converted. She wanted me to join the Free Methodists, and wrote me a number of long letters apparently brim full of salvation and glory hallelujah.

The circumstances are such that I shall be able now to give to the public only two of these letters. I am in hopes to be able to produce another book, in order to expatiate more fully, and to show forth the increase of light. If immersion is the proper mode for baptism, why yield to those who would lord it in substituting sprinkling, after crying up perfection. But let us all receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and thus be made to drink into one faith.

GARDEN PRAIRIE, Ill., March 1, 1861.

BROTHER CURRIER:—Did you ever notice in the Spring, the tiny little violet struggling in the thick sod and dry grass, and lifting its little head above them all, then spreading out its dewey leaves, as if inviting the gentle zephyr to look upon its success, and taste its deliciousness? I have, and how I have praised God for its silent teachings. So may we, with the divine light of the Holy Ghost, struggle through the thick, cold sod of despair and discontentment, trample on fallen hopes and false hearts, stand firmly on the Rock in promised ground; take the promises of God, believe them, spreading out the broad banner of Holiness, and invite poor, sick-laden souls to come to Christ. Have a faith "that laughs at impossibilities, and cries it *shall be done!*" Lord give you such a faith as this; it is yours if you claim it. Glory to God! Look up, don't weep brother, over your "desolate home." Why, your house is bright and fair eternally in the heavens, not made by mortal hands, but by God. Only think, *then*, *son* of king Jesus! Your home is in Jerusalem, a City whose streets are paved with gold, and I believe God's chosen ones live on Broadway. Go on, and win jewels to crown your head, and furnish your home of glory. Ask for the light of the Holy Ghost, to illuminate each corner of your grief-bestricken heart, and fill it with the power of God. Cast the heart upon the altar of God, and he will take care of it. Why, the Lord is fitting you for a glorious work, and he will stand by you if you trust entirely in him, and not fix up any way of your own, but God's way every time. Glory to God! His way is best. I love it. On the subject of Baptism be careful brother, or that will get you in the dark; perhaps the devil will come in on that point, and betray you and lead you astray. Cast that on the altar. Immersion seems to me the right way, and so does it to you, but wait till you need to baptize some one, then ask for the light, and Christ will give

it to you. Just ask for the light you need from day to day, and if he wishes you to baptize, he will show you the way. There are shackles that bind you yet that must be broken. Seek the light, look up!

Don't think I wish to advise you, not a bit. I just give you what light God has given me on holiness. How I love this breaking down of self and building up in Christ! Don't wait for blessings. Say now, and they are yours. Don't look for help from men, but God. Away with earthly things! You've no right to them; thou art a chosen one of God, and he wants his children where he can put his hand on them at every time.

I feel assured that if you try to live Holy Ghost religion, you have got to come out from every thing, and stand as one of God's people, associate yourself as one of them, and not try to warm up dead professors, but seek to save the lost; and above all look up, remember if you are ever tempted to grieve what I am saying and praying, look up. The Lord will provide if we never meet again, we will meet in heaven. Pray for me, and entire sanctification.

Yours in Christ,

LOTTIE BOOMER.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, Salvation, Salvation.

Do you remember, brother, that poor Indian, who when pursued by his enemies, climbed up the hill-side and caught hold of a tree to stay himself, and found silver at the roots. So it is with you; you were pursued by your enemies, and on laying hold of the tree of hope, you found silver holiness at the root. Blessed Jesus, then strike for the root every time. Holiness in its purity—glorious light! Wednesday evening what was the matter with you that you had no liberty? You did not get behind the cross entirely. I love to hear you pray

for light, but sorry you don't claim it now. I tell you, you will have to claim it now or you never will. I tell you I always pray for the light the first thing, and do not feel like asking for anything until I have the witness of the Spirit; and I believe that you must be anxious or you never will. I tell you, brother, the Lord wants you out and free, not shackled, nor prejudiced, nor any way of your own. You must be free to follow Jesus anywhere. I believe the Lord wants you to be a Free Methodist, or he would not have brought you fifteen hundred miles. I don't say this to build up my church. God forbid. But he wants you I know to be one. Don't think that I want you to be one, not at all. I never will try to proselyte one member of a church, God helping me. Now I have prayed for you, and it seemed to me as if this was the way, but don't think I want to govern you, nor dictate you; but it seemed to me right. I want every one to be free in Christ. Thursday evening—to-night you are going to preach. God help you to preach the cutting, burning truth, as it is in Christ Jesus. Ask for the power of the Holy Ghost, and I will aid you with my prayers, if they will do you any good.

Your Sister in Christ,

LOTTIE.

GARDEN PRAIRIE, Ill., Sept. 11, 1862.

BROTHER CURRIER:—I believe Jesus wants me to write to you again, and don't know what he wants me to say to you, but will let him direct. I will tell you that I am saved through the blood of the Lamb, and feel just like going through with Jesus and take the consequences. I love the Cross of Christ, and esteem it greater riches than the pleasures of Egypt—am glad "to follow him anywhere, for I've been redeemed, yes! redeemed! O, I've washed me in the blood of the Lamb." Hallelujah to Jesus. I have a present witness in my soul

"that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all unrighteousness," and the love of God which passeth understanding burns in my soul—bless his name.

Salvation! How I love it—Jesus is my all in all. I find in Him all I need—for soul and body—and there is healing in his wings. He is my rock and my shield and the horn of my salvation, and brother Currier, I am dwelling in a munition of rocks—and my bread and water never fails, sure Jesus is a great Saviour.

I can't tell you of all my journeyings through this wilderness—but I am out of sight of the flesh-pots of Egypt—and the riches of Pharaoh's daughters in the land don't move me. I only cry for the robe of the ransomed, and that I am putting on.

I've been through the fire, but "the form of the fourth" was with me, and its purified me. I believe I know what it is to be baptized with the baptism of Christ, but I give glory to God, that he counts me "worthy to suffer affliction with his people." I have a living faith in God, not based on circumstances, but on His immutable *promise*, especially on this one, "Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

We are well as a family, in body, but some of us are still suffering under the yoke of sin, but I am believing in Jesus for a perfect cure.

Aunt Harriet says, "Tell brother Currier, that she is holding on to God for a thousand souls for you, and she expects to see you coming in at the last day with them." God answer prayer for Jesus' sake. She is a city set on a hill which cannot be hid, and is "mighty through faith to the pulling down of strong holds of Satan;" a terror to evil doers, but a light for pilgrims, leading to Jesus all the while. At family prayers to-night, mother got a blessing that she has never before experienced, a yielding, melting spirit. O, it is blessed to walk

in the light and deal faithfully with souls. Don't never fail to do so. Sister Florence got religion to-night, bless the Lamb. Friday morning—Fast day is always a solemn day for my soul, yet I am always glad when it comes. I love the sweet, soft, solemn communications it brings to me. The atonement is made, the world bought back, and my whole soul and body redeemed from the corruptions of the fall. I believe I have a sweeter spirit this morning than I had last night.

Most of the Class on Garden Prairie, stand united in one faith. Some are dallying with the toy things of earth, and of course, their progress is impeded, and light darkened. One camp-meeting at Ogle was deep and searching the brethren say, I could not attend. Brother John Collier has enlisted in the army. He believes he is called of God to go.

Now, brother Currier, how does you soul prosper? Is the way delightful? Are you still storming the walls of Satan? Have you succeeded in pulling any from the fire? Does Jesus own your labors and lend his Spirit? Is your faith steady and lively? Can you claim all His promises as yours through the blood of Jesus? Do you still rejoice in a perfect salvation from all sin? Is your love for souls increasing, and do you find the Cross of Christ a soul-satisfying portion? Is the balm of Gilead sufficient for every trial, every persecution? Are you putting on the life of Christ? Is the way just as you would have it? You do not murmur. Do you rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks? Are you just as willing to suffer with Christ, as you are to reign with him? O! How blessed it is to lie passively in his hands, knowing nothing but thus saith the Lord, having no will,

no desires, no separate interest from Christ; willing to suffer, willing to enjoy, and in fact ready and willing to do anything to save a fallen world and establish Christ's kingdom on the earth.

It takes all there is of me to obey the spirit and follow its leadings, and I expect it will continue to do so. I am every day learning the emptiness of profession, how little it does for us, how shallow and unreal, and more of my own insufficiency to do anything myself towards getting to heaven without the aid of the Holy Spirit. How many, many prayers, that are put up daily, are worse than useless, abominations in the sight of the Lord.

I am thoroughly satisfied that the doctrine of "total depravity," is true, and sincerely pray that every one may see it as I do, and yet stronger. I have many severe temptations, but

> "When Satan appears to stop up my path,
> In spite of all fears, I triumph by faith;
> He cannot take from me though oft he has tried,
> The soul-cheering promise, the Lord will provide."

Now, brother Currier, if you feel at liberty to write to us, do so, if Jesus wants you too. We are anxious to hear from you. We do not forget you, nor God for you. We all remember you as a dearly beloved in the bonds of peace. I answered your letter, and am anxious to hear from you again. My love to all pilgrims who walk not after the flesh but the spirit. Hoping to meet in heaven, if not on the earth, I remain,

Your Sister,

LOTTIE.

HOW I SOUNDED THE ALARM AT NEW HAMPTON.

I heard the Free Methodists declare in the West, "Belvidere is Taken." The writings of Lottie Boomer of Garden Prairie, Ill., tended to move my soul to sound the alarm at New Hampton. I appeared in meeting and labored wide-awake Free Methodist fashion. In consequence of my proceedings Eld. Stewart closed the meeting. Then, I said, one praying saint can put to flight a thousand illustrious sons of night. Elder Dean, a Baptist minister, held me, and tried to stop me. I was thrust down in the street. Attempting to shout, an effort was made to hold my mouth and carry me off. Dana Woodman said I had been drinking, or was crazy, he did not know which. In another meeting in which Prof. Fullonton took the lead, I might have disturbed their easy slumbers, and the Professor tried to stop me, as if he attempted to put his large brogans, as I thought, upon spiritual manifestation. He finally called me out of my reason. I replied, "not a bit, what some call insanity is God's sober, rational religion;" and I was reminded of a doctor who called his patient clearly a lunatic, because instead of swallowing his physic, he threw it out of the window.

In Carlton's shop I shouted and Carlton attempted to hold my mouth, and then I went down through the street shouting. A student in the brick building of the Institution said, Currier you are mistaken, this is not Jericho. I attempted to cry through the street early in the morning, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The third morning I cried "Babylon is Taken." Again and again, the sound rang abroad. I went to my room and implored the assistance of the Almighty. Now as I went forth the people were more stirred than common. Students appeared at the windows in their flaps. Upon going into the enclosure of the Seminary Buildings, crying to the top of my voice, "Babylon is Taken," Prof. A. B. Merservey took me by the collar and demanded what I wanted. Babylon is Taken. I knelt under the window and instantly dirty water was poured upon me from above. The Professor said I was crazy. Then I went into the street and gave a testimony. I was seized and carried to Dana Woodman, Esq., followed by many. I said the question of shouting in the street had been decided by the highest authority from which there was no appeal. "That if they hold their peace, the stones would cry out." Then they let me go, and I went through the street and shouted victory. Having taken the cross, I felt clear and resigned as I went to my work.

Some look upon this singular development to be caused by derangement of mind, while others regard the work as prophetic. I suppose there were those who did not know what to think of it any more than they did when the cry was anciently raised. What I said was scripture, and I leave the event with the Disposer of events: "Declare ye among the nations, and publish, and set up a standard; publish, and conceal not: say, Babylon is taken." Jeremiah 50: 2.

HOW TAKEN BY THE DEVIL.

Jonathan was taken, while the people escaped. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." If I had continued to importune like David, I might have been saved from falling into the hand of Satan. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape; incline thine ear unto me and save me."

The Devil, who is an arch-deceiver, transformed himself into an angel of light, and sat a trap for me. I put undue stress upon my own dreams, which were abundant and remarkable, and allowed the dreams and the influence of others, to get hold of me, until my own power was waning.

Thomas R. Norton wrote out his visions and dreams and presented them to me. He said to me, "there are many Hamans making a gallows for you, but it will be found in the end, they are to be hung on their own gallows." He gave this as the interpretation of the dream concerning his horse.

Dana Woodman is a leader of the hosts of the Philistines—I of the hosts of Israel in this place. The loss of the horse, shows the weakness of that which he considers better security than an honest man's word. My caring for the suffering of the horse, more than for his worth, indicates my love of mercy and truth more than riches. His caring more for the value of the horse than for his suffering, indicates his love of money to be his

ruling passion. Norton's brother, from Maine, presented me the following, which I suffered to rock my brain :—

New Hampton, N. H., Feb. 18, 1863, 5 o'clock, A. M.

I with my family and some of my relatives were going into a port to the leeward of Havana, where there was a river and a village, with another smaller village to leeward of that, with a canal running through it, from which the natives or negroes were carting sugar of an inferior quality, such as is used for sweetening spirits. Those who were carting the sugar were clothed well with soldiers' clothes, on account of the present war. As we passed up the shore from the vessels, we saw our things in the house, ready for putting in their places, and there seemed to be an abundance of snow for sleighing, though they had no sleighs or sleds to use it. While walking along with brother Subael, we looked back on the sea, in the direction from which we came, and saw numerous sail coming along ; but one in particular had much trouble with head winds and calms' and currents drifting her to leeward, There seemed to be a perplexity arise in our living in the West Indies, as we were all so dark complected, that heat would tan us darker than would be agreeable to our feelings.

INTERPRETATION.

Part of New Hampshire in proximity to heaven, Leeward,—below, Natives—students and teachers, carts and sugar,—books, learning, knowledge and wisdom. Quality

of sugar—satisfactory religion. Clothes but poorly fitting—being cast off soldiers' garments, worn before the art of war was fully learned by government, officers or men. Our things seemed favorable to moving, and as there was plenty of snow, it seemed right to go in the sleigh. Looking back on the sea, seemed to be the life we have been living. The darkness seemed to be abolitionism.

B. H. CARLTON'S DREAM.

About the last of August, 1862, I dreamed that Solon Currier came to my door and rapt, and after asking him in he refused; but finally came in at my entreaty, and went directly down cellar in the dark. I insisted upon his coming up, but he refused, saying he had no friends. I told him I was his friend. Then I took a light and went down on the cellar stairs, and leaning over saw him in the attitude of secret prayer, lifting up his hands, and clapping and rubbing them together, as in natural prayer. With a sad heart I still insisted for a long time for him to come up until I was out of all patience. When he got through his secret prayer, he did so, and made a most glorious vocal prayer in the room. He then gave an exhortation on moral reform, and I sang a hymn with my wife. I saw him dressed in a black suit of clothes. His face shown with brilliancy, having the appearance of youth, and he said he was coming out a bright and shining light in the world.

MY INTERPRETATION OF THE DREAM.

I have the evidence that this interpretation is from the Spirit of God. Your coming to my house and rapping, denotes that you wanted to see me. My expostulation shows that I welcomed you in. Your going directly down cellar, denotes in my view, that you chose to be in the dark. My going to the stairs denotes, that I tried to enlighten you. Your kneeling in secret prayer to God, shows that you were willing to submit to this enlightenment. Your coming out of the dark hole and then praying vocally, shows, that you through my influence, meant to come up and take a high stand in the world. Your exhortation on moral reform, shows, that you had taken a position in the world. My singing a hymn with my wife, denotes, the joy I felt in rescuing you from that dark hole. The sentiment and ecstacy that you expressed, denoted, that you were in a right state of mind towards God and man, and that you had triumphed, and arose to position and influence in this world. Therefore, I feel it my duty from the Lord, to give you this advice:

First—I advise you to leave off riding one hobby too much; in other words, I mean by this, that you should not so concentrate your soul on doctrine, as to disturb your love to God, and especially his creatures. Love God with a full purpose of heart. Seek to know your duty, and not be led away by vain fancies and vagaries. Avoid all eccentricities, study to be wise. Be sure that you know what your duty is. Look out for the intrigues of the Devil, for he is deceitful and desperately wicked.

Be industrious; deal justly; honor thy neighbor whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned. Be social, free, always extending a heart full of charity for your friends. Love your enemies, bless them that persecute you. Always remembering that these afflictions will work out for you exceeding joy. And now, I am about to close. I do hope that you will look over this dream and the interpretation thereof, and may it sink with deep weight into your heart, and it will be the means of giving you influence and standing in society, and you have a thousand souls as trophies of your ministerial labors in the great and last day of accounts.

This from your friend,

B. H. CARLTON.

There is one thing sure, I must come out ahead or I must fall behind. Like John the Baptist, I had to decrease. To illustrate all the influences brought to bear in my defeat requires a sound mind. When I went to the poles in New Hampton amid scenes of excitement, and voted the democratic ticket, I did it under a vain hallucination, and therefore it was a sad blow to me. Dec. 18, 1861, I wrote in a letter directed to Willie, this sentiment. "As to the overthrow of slavery I am sanguine, for I have had a vision on that subject." If God showed me this by his manifestation in the night, it is evident that the Devil cheated me terribly in returning to the days of my youth in which I claimed to be a democrat, and was therefore left in delusion of being promoted by voting the democratic ticket.

B. H. Carlton rose up claiming to be a prophet of the Lord. He says he is sent for my rescue, and in doing it he will be a greater man than even George Washington was. He states that the Almighty God came down and showed him in a dream, that I was wrong, and therefore I must adhere to his advise as my only hope. I thought it was God, when it must have been the Devil that gave me into his hands and took away my reason. By my compliance, he pledged to the position the principal men of the place, and my own relatives. Dec. 5, 1862, I wrote as though Lottie Boomer was sent for my rescue, and I thought it might be more so than B. H. Carlton or Thomas R. Norton, who claimed to be sent for my redemption, the latter by the publishing of my book.

Carlton directed me to go to meeting, but not to pray nor speak. At the close of the meeting, if any one wishes to shake hands with you, give your hand and shake with fervency; walk home, if any one hallooes after you, take no heed to him. He claimed the privilege to say from the Lord what I must do, and if I did not do it, everything would be lost and destroyed. After the first meeting he wanted to see me before I went to another. He wanted a written obligation to bind me to my word.

CHAPTER VII.

A Letter to Lottie Boomer dictated by B. H. Carlton—My Reason Dethroned—The State of my Mind developed in Strange Acts—Nearly Three Years of Asylum Life, &c.

A LETTER TO LOTTIE BOOMER, DICTATED BY B. H. CARLTON.

NEW HAMPTON, N. H., Jan. 7, 1863.

DEAR SISTER:—I have delayed writing to you for some time, for which I ought to apologize. Your letter should have been answered before, but the state of my mind has been such that I could not see my way clear till now, and now with pleasure I take my pen to write to you, to inform you that my heart and soul are with you. The acquaintance that I had with your church, has led me to regard it as the church of my choice, and I believe that God by his providences has led me into this. I have thought of late that I should some day locate myself in some part of the Western Country, and if I do, according to the light that I have received from the Lord, I shall certainly join your church, and from the acquaintance I have had with you, I have been led to believe that you would be the woman of my choice. You have taken such great interest in my welfare, both spiritually and temporally, that it has called out a very

strong attachment from me towards you. The advice that I have received in your letters, has been so good and has assisted me so much, that I have concluded that by the grace of God, I would offer you my heart and hand in the holy bonds of matrimony; and hope that you will duly consider and give me an early answer, whether you will accept me yea or nay. Let the answer be what it will, I shall always cherish you as a dear sister in the Lord; but do hope that the Lord will by his spirit and providences so order it, that you may be my dear companion for life.

THE RELIGIOUS PART.

I have concluded to let my book stand for the present, but am trying to prepare myself mentally for the preaching of God's word. I have of late preached but very little, but am trying to improve myself spiritually, and I firmly believe the Lord has been with me. I have taken a stand that I shall not deviate from; for I believe the Lord is in it. I believe he has yet in store a great work for me to do, and although some have called me crazy, I believe that God is with me, and he will take care of me. I never had greater confidence in the blessed Jesus than I have now. It is true I have had some dark hours of trial and tribulation, but the Lord has promised that he would be with me, and he has fulfilled his promises unto me for which I have reason to-day to rejoice in him. I believe of late, that God has enabled me by his Holy Spirit, to take a high stand; and I believe it to be my duty, and the duty of all mankind, to be holy. For without holiness no man can see the Lord,

and it is my aim to live a holy and righteous life; and by the grace of God, I mean that this shall be my great theme, for I know that I love the doctrine of God's word, and it is the doctrine that I intend to preach to a lost world. I love a present salvation, and I think that I do feel this present salvation in my soul at the present time. I pray God that you may go on in the high way that God has marked out for you to go, that you may preach his holy truths to an ungodly world, for I believe it the duty of women to preach this as well as men, if God calls them; and surely if God does not call us to his work, we are not qualified, and if he does call us, we are commanded to obey, and go into all the world and preach to every creature; and if God is for us who can be against us. Then let us be up and doing. Let us have on the whole Armor of God. Let us set our affections on things above, and not on things on this earth, for we are hid with Christ in God. Let us rejoice in well doing, hold up our heads and be bold soldiers for Christ. Let us walk in the path of virtue. Let us try to climb the hill of science and of righteousness, that we may at the last day of final accounts, receive the happy plaudit, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord. May this be our happy lot, and all the rest of mankind.

From your affectionate friend,

SOLON CURRIER.

P. S. Write me immediately.

MY REASON DETHRONED.

My way was so hedged up in looking at the things which are seen, that my reason lost its sovereignty, and I was incited to do things in my despairing condition, that I would not have done in better days. To show how I was taken in my enfeebled state of mind, I will state, that for eight nights I had five dreams a night, and sixteen in one night; and I saw in vision a very bright chain, and then the rusty hook of a cow chain, which I found when I worked in the hog-pen which had fifty-six links, the same in number as my dreams. This was presented to me Christmas morning. If the bright chain indicates prosperity and the love of Christ, may not the rusty chain indicate adversity and the law, in which a man is bound by his secret sins, and the follies of the past, extending to early life, are brought up in vain vision. In this state add actual transgression, whether open or secret, and who will be able to stand? Inasmuch as I kept myself pure and trusted in God, I was safe. But when I lost sight of my Saviour, and gave up to my feelings in my desertion, and gave myself up to the power of a polluted and vain imagination, I made shipwreck of my faith as I fell into the mire of sin and pollusion.

Like the prodigal son who wasted his substance in riotous living, I found I was giving away, under delusion, the one hundred dollars I had with me, or spending it for clothes. Carlton induced me to purchase the materials for a black suit, as he saw me in his dream. My coat of blue-gray having been soiled under the student's window,

and my black suit impregnated with tobacco as it came from the shop, and the life of my soul crushed out, I put on the raiment of my captivity. All such as are clothed with strange apparel, Zepheniah says, must be punished. I became like the adversaries of David, who covered themselves with their own confusion, as with a mantle. The garments spotted by the flesh are to be hated. It was said of some, your garments are moth eaten, but a few names in Sardis did not defile their garments. Joshua was clothed with filthy garments. The sentiment in Norton's interpretation of clothes but poorly fitting, being cast off soldiers' garments, worn before the art of war was fully learned by government officers and men, tended to lead me at times to put on the garment, as it were, of vengeance for clothing.

THE STATE OF MY MIND DEVELOPED IN STRANGE ACTS.

Like Job, I was scared with dreams and terrified thro' visions. We read of those which think to cause the children of God to forget his name by their dreams, which they tell every man to his neighbor. Filthy dreamers defile the flesh, and in the multitude of dreams are divers vanities. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream." Harken not, says Jeremiah, to your dreamers. Ah! me, I was chased away by the vision of the night. It seemed impossible for me to keep in bed, for I was troubled, like Daniel, by the visions of my head. I was verging to the condition of her whose wound is incurable, and who said in madness, "I will go stripped and naked." Yes, I was as

naked as Simon Peter or those who fled out of the house naked. When Saul stripped himself of his clothes and prophesied before Samuel, and laid down naked all day and night, they asked, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" Ahaz made Judah naked. If Ephraim erred in vision and stumbled in judgment, so have I. Jeremiah's wound is grievous, and he cries out why is it incurable? May I not say with Job my wound is incurable. The lying spirits of Devils have fooled me, and lied to me about Willie, and said he was dead, &c. Why have I let my family be broken up without murder? If I were dead, would my friends even allow me to be buried with others in the grave yard? Is it not too late for me, and am I not undone? I am not myself. There is a spirit in me to do just the opposite of what Carlton directs, in loving my enemies. Devoid of reason I stabbed my sister, threw my brother into the brook, escaped to the mountain. Fled the second time, when my brother and father attempted to secure me in chains. Narrowly escaped death by being taken from the river and laid out in chains. I have reason to be thankful to that wonderful providence and to God that disposeth events, that I was saved in times of mental aberration from murder, or doing serious injury.

When my reason returned, if indeed I could have any such thing as reason, I attempted to pray. But all such efforts in the presence of others, did not seem to amount to much, and appeared somewhat like repenting up a precipice or into a crocodile's mouth. On the Sabbath I was carried down from William Blake's to Capt. Daniel C. Wheeler's, where the people assembled, and I was

permitted to pray and address them on the subject of religion. In this effort I suppose no one could discern but I was regular. For the want of permanent faith and self-control, I was wrecked in confusion like an ancient people that the land spewed out for their abominations. "Ask ye now," says Jeremiah, "and see whether a man doth travail with child?" Having worn my father's old tanning clothes, I had a change and was dressed up, made a prayer at home in which I had some liberty, and saw myself when it was too late, that I had forfeited my word in several instances. I was again chained, hands and feet, and went to Mr. Reed's and asked my sister's forgiveness. Mercy was once asked for the son that was a lunatic and sore vexed.

NEARLY THREE YEARS OF ASYLUM LIEE.

In the custody of my cousin William Blake, I was taken in chains to the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane at Concord. My brother Daniel accompanied me to the village, and on the cars I met George S. Dean of Wentworth. I was put in that part of the Asylum called the Cottage, and locked into a room in the upper hall, No. 12. When the doctors' come round, I answered their questions, as best I could, and when my supper was brought me by my attendant, I ate it, and at night I was waited upon to a bed in an other room. My attendant whom I heard pray, treated me well, and he acknowledged that he knew nothing bad about me. I was surround-

ed by temptations from the insane, and I got some vain notions in my head which were dispelled in having confidence in what my attendant said. I kept myself from vice, and adhered to advice, and hope was held out to me by my attendant of my speedy recovery. I went to meeting in the Chapel, and in a short time I was deemed so well as to receive a removal to Hall No. 6, the best in the Institution. I could stand it here but a short time, for I fancied the medicine that was given me was to my injury, and I was forced to take it against my will. I thought I was not put ahead fast enough, and being disheartened at the prospect of ever getting out, I suffered my carnel nature to rise, and I reeled like the drunkards of Ephraim. I struggled in vain to lead my captivity captive. David feigned himself mad, and I gave up to my feelings and the impression of sounds. I was taken up and laid on the bed, and the heaving of my breast was caused to deceive Dr. Bancroft. I was dosed which caused me to have an easy, quiet slumber. In my impetuosity, being enraged about my clothes, I would thrust myself from my bed on to the floor, and lay there until I was put back. Once only I tore off my shirt. I saw a star go down which I imagined to be my star of hope. For a time I thought it was wrong to go to the table and eat. I seemed taken by the crowing of the cock for denying my Lord and Master, like Peter. Under this hallucination, I raised a terrible cry in the night, in hope of deliverance. After breaking my word in promising to stop several times, I verily thought in hearing to man I was denying Christ, and therefore I declared I would not stop in spite of every thing. The result was, I was car-

ried to No. 11, under No. 12 in the Cottage, or a place sometimes called the Devil's Kitchen. I besought my attendant, Thomas A. Trickey, to be a friend. He gave the patients plenty to eat generally, and kept everything looking nice and clean. He was at times very kind, and I thought at times he said things that he ought not, and pounded the patients too much. Some of the patients exerted a deleterious power over me, and I was becoming more and more under their insane grasp, and less and less under the influence of the managers of the Institution. For a time I prayed long and loud in the hope of being delivered by God in some wonderful way, similar to that which was the cause of my getting into the Asylum. I was utterly divested of all hope of getting out in the ordinary way, and therefore as soon as I went to bed, or partook of food, I thought I was looking to men for help who would keep me confined all my days, and that I was living only to eat and sleep.

But when I looked to the patients for deliverence, I thought they would give me great privileges, were it in their power, and I wanted them to take the reigns into their own hands. I was most all the time quiet, and kept my bed in the night. I was permitted to lay on the bed all day until I made disturbance in the night, then I laid on the floor. I got up one night and prayed aloud for one hour. When I went to sleep it was to be tantalized by my dreams and the lying spirits of hell. Seeing how useless was every effort, I made up my mind never to pray again. I rejected religion and the Bible, and thought all had proved a failure as far as I was concerned. I in-

dulged the idea that I had committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. The lewd language of the insane women in the rooms below was calculated to fire the animal passions of insane men above, and I question whether such proximity should be allowed. The war din and battle cry in the land served to deepen my madness, and I thought if it was necessary to have war anywhere, why not have it here? I had the presumption to imagine myself the embodiment of most everything, even from Christ to the Devil, or that I was king of all the earth. I fancied the event of my coming to the Asylum was to grant deliverance to the patients, and on me rested the arduous responsibility of taking the keys and opening the doors, to give hope and life to the crushed and dying around me. When I looked on the dark side I cast myself on the Hall floor, and thrashed and hopped and striped off my clothes. In view of the narrow escapes I had met with, and what the lying spirits of hell told me, how can it be that I can ever die, and must I whose hopes were once so bright, give up the battle of life without one privilege that makes earth desirable? Shall I give up in utter despair without one cheering ray of light to beam upon my pathway? Who but cowards, thought I, would not fight, rather than be content to be crushed forever?

Stockings for the brave, was my chance watchword in the insane empire, therefore I must shake myself of so much lethargy, for who would have a dead life with nothing given them to do? After feeling condemned for keeping back, I sought for opportunity to take the cross and make a forcible effort for liberty. When I consid

ered my chances equal, they were all against me. I might have done serious harm, as I had opportunity, but I did not. I subjected myself, however, to six terrible maulings and poundings, as they came on to me with help and power. Because I would not take off my clothes and go to bed, Trickey and Sauborn came at me with their fists. Trickey broke one of my teeth, and Sanborn said he would as quick kill me as not. For four days I would not eat. Trickey called me a nasty cuss, and held me in the bottom of the bathing tub of water. I was made fearful, and could not act myself more than a brute. I would walk by line to save my head. O, how long must my hands be bound and be fed or go without, in this dismal abode and insane retreat? Nearly three years elapsed before my deliverance from the Hospital.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Conversion from Insanity—My Gradual Improvement—At Home—Visit to Nova Scotia and Virginia—The Losing my Valise.

MY CONVERSION FROM INSANITY.

I will state that I was left to swear in my heart, tho' I never uttered blasphemous language aloud. I might have descended as low as those the scriptures speak of, who eat their own dung. Like a heathen, I would torture myself by sitting in one position, and for weeks would speak to no one. I thought others read my mind and knew what I was thinking about by a certain kind of magic. As I rejected Christ, I believed in polygamy and prayed to Satan. I disbelieved the Bible in consequence of the apparent contradictions, and made a faint stride of getting up a new alphabet and a new Bible. I had a call which I suppose was my last to take death or arise, for I viewed there must be a change some way. Any thought of dying here, would lead me to curse the day of my birth as badly as Job did. All my broken powers were summoned. I had wished I could fall to sleep and never awake, but I found myself still clinging to life as a sweet boon. The change I met with seemed at first only to be a conversion to hell. Dr. Bancroft went to Europe, and Trickey went away on a visit. Dr. Blackmer and attendant Berry took their places, and the

change was favorable to my recovery, for they gave me hope and privileges. I had arrived at the firm conclusion of placing myself as an obedient child under the authority that was appointed over me in the providence of God. Instead of being led by dreams and phantoms as I had been, I meant to use my judgment when my eyes were open, whatever visions I might have, or imaginary voices hear. What is my insanity caused by the power of imagination, which is now all exploded. I am really astonished at myself, that I have been so duped. It may be difficult for those who have looked upon me as insane so long, to look upon me at first as sane. But I gave such evidence of amendment that I was permitted to come out into the Hall, and come to the dining table. I was taken out into the yard, and walked out doors with my attendant Berry. When Trickey returned I went several miles with him and Dudley, and went in swimming. I was removed from No. 11, where I had been nearly two years, and had a corner room in No. 6. I walked out frequently with the patients, under an attendant. I visited the monument where the Bradley family were killed by the Indians, and was permitted to ride out several times. I wrote several letters to my brother, D. H. Currier, who had made me one call while I was in the Cottage. I read the Bible through which Dr. Chadwick gave me, and also read thirty books from the Asylum Library. I went out and worked some on the farm and labored some in the Asylum. I went out to meeting a few Sabbaths in the city of Concord. For several months I was enabled to maintain with the aid of patients, the regular reading

of the Bible and evening prayers in the Hall. I attended meetings and lectures at the Chapel, and waited patiently the hour of my rescue. Hon. D. R. Burnham of Plymouth called at my room, and spoke as though he considered me all right. My brother D. H. Currier, came to see me Jan. 3, 1866. I was called from my work to the Reception-Room and met him. After conversing with me he said he considered me better than he had seen me for fifteen years. He viewed my preaching and the attempt to write a book, the fruitful cause of my insanity, and therefore must never attempt either. With this proviso which he brought me to, he decided to take me home on trial the next day.

While I was a member of the Asylum my mind was too weak, and my light too dim, to stand out and argue these points. I felt that in answer to prayer, God had again returned his favor to me, and from my despair I had resolved to live as much like a man and a Christian as possible, even if I were to be cast off at last. In my anxiety to be taken from the Asylum, I think the rulers went too far in stripping me of my rights as a man, an author, or as a minister. Who has any right to meddle with my business in publishing, or preaching, or anything else, as long as I conduct myself properly. I say, let the field of improvement and the different branches of business be open to all, and let me and all the rest of mankind have the privilege to make the most of life. Dr. Blackmer wrote interesting letters to my brother of my condition and improvement, and recommended my being taken away. Dr. Brown also held out encouragement to me from my low estate.

AT HOME.

I was received at home and among my friends almost as one from the dead. I spent at home about four and a half months. At first I had a relapse, and was laid upon a bed of languishing, and was troubled about preaching, until I resolved to obey God rather than man. To what extent must I be held responsible for what I said and did while I was a child of the Asylum? I attended meeting almost regularly at the Methodist Church in Plymouth, and entered the Sabbath School. I attended the funeral of Mr. Smith on Commings' Hill, and also that of Mr. Binford of West Plymouth. Mr. Ferrin's wife, on the Lower Intervale, and also that of my uncle, Milo E. Haines of Wentworth. He held several prominent offices and was buried with Masonic honors. Widow Young, Cephus R. Crawford's wife, widow Lovejoy, D. R. Burnham's wife of Plymouth, Widow Fellows, and F. Seavy of New Hampton, died while I was at Concord. I might record the death of Mary Fox, George Lovejoy's wife, Alfred Smith and blind William Currier's wife. I held one meeting at the French School House, and several at the School House in my father's neighborhood.

VISIT TO NOVA SCOTIA AND VIRGINIA.

After I had visited my acquaintance, I thought to travel abroad would be healthful and delightful. I went to Meredith Village and had a pleasant interview with Stilman Moses, who married Emily, my youngest sister. After attending the Sandwich Quarterly meeting, held at the Hawkings Meeting House in Centre Harbor, I took the boat and landed at Wolfborough, and called on Elders York, Parish and Russell. Eld. Parish had me preach for him twice at Watter Village, and he told the people that he felt the evidence that God was with me, and had called me to the work of preaching the Gospel. I called on Elder John Chick at Ossipee, and Elder

Naham Foss of Effingham, and several other ministers on my way. At Portland I met with Elder Graham and stopped several days with him. Met Elder Fernald there also. I attended the meetings of the Freewill Baptist Church on the Sabbath, and a prayer meeting at the Sailor's Home. I landed at St. Johns in the Province of New Brunswick by the way of steam-boat. I stopped two days and visited ministers of the Free Christian Baptist connection. Next I landed at Annapolis, in the Province of Nova Scotia. I attempted to preach the Gospel in many places, and travelled on foot about 450 miles in the Province. I visited Elder Eaton on the Island, in the South of the Province, and attended the Free Christian Baptist Yearly Meeting in the North part of the Province. I found meeting-houses open for me in different denominations, and the people ready to hear, and bid me God-speed, and some contributed of their substance.

At Black Rock I preached about two months, and then went to Halifax, and on the Ocean Steamer Asia, to Boston. Hence I went to Providence, R. I., and spent a Sabbath with Elder Day. At New York I found myself destitute of money, and had to get trusted for forty cents express on my valise. I was bound to go to Virginia on faith and works. I found no difficulty, and was able to surmount every obstacle even if I had no money. But sometimes I knew what it was to be put in with the vagrants at the Station Houses. I preached only once down South. I visited my sister Eliza Ann, and prayed around her family, and she gave me money to come home.

THE LOSING MY VALISE.

On the steam-boat on Chesapeak Bay, just before I got to my sisters, I discovered that my valise was missing, and not to be found. It contained all my writings for a large book, which I had revised in Nova Scotia, and intended to get pub-

lished if I could. When I found I had lost my treasure, I thought like this: All things work for good to the Christian. It stands me in hand to turn my losses and defeats to good account, so as to be successful. What seems failure, at first, is only discipline. After being absent seven and a half months, I arrived at my father's house in Plymouth. I held one meeting at the School-House, and attempted to preach the word.

CHAPTER IX.

Chopping Wood—In the Book Agency—The License Question—Affairs with the Church—A Prayer Meeting at the Methodist Church in Plymouth—Letter from Dr. Blackmer to my Brother—Letter from Frank R. Carlton—My Reply and His Answer—My Speech at a Sabbath School Excursion—My Views and Position—My Letter to Brewster—Brewster's Letter to my Father.

CHOPPING WOOD.

A new era has dawned upon my life. Now without a dollar in the world, I can go to work and depend on my own efforts, and disappoint such as think from the past that I never can accomplish anything. It requires faith on my part to face the cold storms of winter. Henry Homans employed me to chop thirty four and a half cords of wood for him at one dollar a cord. I chopped seven cords a week, and went about two miles to my work. Though there was much bad weather to work, yet I could not be induced to lose any time from my labor. I enjoyed myself much while thus engaged. I attended meeting regularly at Holderness Village, and heard Elder A. Sargent preach. I was at the funeral of Elder Thomas Perkins.

IN THE BOOK AGENCY.

As soon as I got my wood chopped, I had means and was ready to engage in the book business. No rains or snows, or drifts, or mud, detained me, and I was successful in my work, and went into twenty three towns in New Hampshire. By the middle of July I was worth about $235,00 clear of all expenses.

THE LICENSE QUESTION.

Esq. Rollins of Meredith Village, said I must pay a pedlar's tax, and that such was the ruling of the Departments at Washington. Horace Wentworth of Boston, of whom I have my books wrote as follows, dated May 7, 1867: "As you are taking subscribers for us you do not need a license, you are at work for us. We of course have licenses for our business." He wrote July 23d, in regard to the tax question: "If you carry around a quantity of books to sell outright, then you are liable to a pedlar's tax. If you simply take names for them and sell by sample, you should not pay it. However, it is of no use fighting against government. It will cost you five times the cost of the license, and as they have it all in their own hands, you will lose in the end. If you can't convince them that you are right, the next best thing will be to pay your ten dollars and be free from trouble in the future. Perhaps it would be the best way. At all events it will be much cheaper than fighting it." I received the following from R. Knight of Concord, dated July 22d. "I have not heard of any agents getting licenses. I think they do not, and supposed it not necessary. I have sent your letter to Guernsey—he is up North—he will probably write you."

AFFAIRS WITH THE CHURCH.

At Tusket, N. S., I proposed to unite with the Free Christian Baptist Church, in view of hearing ministers preach that it was duty, &c. The church thought that it would be no advantage to me if I were intending to travel. They did not receive me, but bid me God-speed, and directed me to the minister's conference at Habitant for counsel. The brethren could not constitutionally grant a license for me to preach, because I was not a member of any church. But the ministers had me preach and signed a paper recommending me as

far as they knew of conducting myself in a proper manner. At Black Rock under advice I made another effort to unite with the Free Christian Baptists. The counsel was appointed and all appeared satisfied as to my Christian character, but the decision was not to receive me, only on a years' trial, as I was considered a minister, and might be allowed the privilege of preaching in their houses of worship. I decided the most proper course was to go to the church at New Hampton, where I had declared my independence, and seek to be received back by confessing my wrong. I was present at the Monthly Meeting, and when my case was brought up by Eld. J. M. Bailey, Prof. J. Fullonton and Dea. Carter went out, and they decided to have the matter referred to a Prudential Committee. But Fullonton, who was chairman, had not time and health to act upon it. After several months, Elder Bailey said I could live just as well out of the church as in it, and that it made no difference with him whether he belonged to the church or not, as no one asked him the question. He said the committee, as he inferred, did not know what to do in my case. I thought the first step for me was to be a Christian, and be received as such first, and not as a minister. Several ministers in the Freewill Baptist Denomination, and one in the Methodist, encouraged me to preach, and I did so. I received such blessing and strength, that I preached fifteen times in my trip to Bartlet and Wolfborough and adjoining towns. I felt as though the public demanded my authority and standing as a minister. I felt that I must go to New Hampton for help in view of the demands of the people. As the church has neglected to receive me, and as Elder Bailey told me I could live as well out of the church. I drew up the following July 8th, and labored to get the leading men at New Hampton to sign it. But no one signed it.

as they were looking to Prof. Fullonton to head the list, and he would not:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That we, the undersigned, citizens of this town, and professors of religion, regard Bro. Solon Currier, formerly of New Hampton, but late of Plymouth, N. H., to be a Christian. Furthermore, as the public wish a safe guard against imposture, and as he is engaged in preaching the Gospel from place to place, we cheerfully recommend him as a fit subject for the Gospel ministry, and to the kind regards of the people where he may travel.

Elder Bailey said, if Professor Fullonton would sign it, he would feel different about it, but would not object to my preaching, and that I had better not be in haste about it, or I could do it on my own responsibility. Under these circumstances, I resolved to issue this manifesto about my life, at the earliest possible day.

A PRAYER MEETING AT THE METHODIST CHURCH IN PLYMOUTH.

I view the prayer meeting to be one of the most important meetings of a church. Elder Howard said he would not have any prayer meeting at his church Sabbath evening in consequence of the warm weather. But he appointed one to be holden Thursday evening at half past 7 o'clock. Aunt Sally Dearborn opened the house, and asked me to assist her minister in lighting it up. I tried but found it hard to do that which I did not understand. The Elder said he must learn if he was going to be sexton. But he started the lights in good shape. A few sisters and several young people were present, but the brethren were absent. Singing, praying and speaking were attended to, in which I took a part, except the singing. I felt thankful that I attended the meeting, and

walked two miles home very much refreshed, and determined to walk in the fear and love of God.

Letter from Dr. Blackmer:

New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane,
Concord August 24. 1865.

DEAR SIR:—Your brother has been gradually improving for many weeks. His old delusions seem to be fading out, and for a few weeks we have allowed him much larger liberties than before. Whether this clearing of the mind is to be permanent cannot now be determined. I enclose a letter from him, which will reveal to you his present mental state better than any thing I can write.

Respectfully,

JOHN BLACKMER.

A line from Frank R. Carlton, my answer and his reply:—

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 9, 1867.

Mr. SOLON CURRIER—I am tired of waiting for your book, which you were going to send me the first of October. You will please send the book or the money by the middle of next week. In haste,

FRANK R. CARLTON.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Oct. 11, 1867.

FRANK R. CARLTON:—Your Lordship, Sir: Please find inclosed one dollar, the price of the book, and twenty cents for your trouble. The trust you put in me will give an opportunity to show my honesty or rascality. An explanation from me seems important. Time has slipped away very fast and I was hardly aware that I

was so tardy until you reminded me. Before you wrote I felt that I must send word to you, and because you paid in advance, I intended to deliver my first book to you. Several at their option, have paid as you did. As I have been hard pressed for means to publish, I hope to remember the favor. J. Harvey Brewster of Laconia, (formerly from Mass.,) has devoted his faithful labor to the printing of my book. He informs me that able printers from New York and Boston, have expressed an opinion, that the press-work is equal to that done in large cities. It has taken more time to set the type, than was at first anticipated, and I have made additions to the contents. In consequence it will take several weeks yet to complete the book. I have done my best, and do not wish a single subscriber to have it unless they choose. My purpose is to make a valuable production, and think more about the good I may do, than the money part. Soon after you paid me on Dimond Island, I ceased operations for the want of knowing just how to represent the matter. Since I have spent my time in study, building fence, shovelling coal, shingling, chopping cord wood, harvesting tomatoes, pumpkins, beans, corn, potatoes, apples and oil-nuts.

Some of my friends have expressed a fear that my printer might cheat me out of my book after paying what I have. I trust confidently that he is not only a man of ardent business, but a gentleman of honor. Confidence between publishers or printers and authors has become proverbial.

On Dimond Island Elder A. D. Smith invoked God's blessing upon me, at the close of my speech. When

Jacob received the blessing, even through treachery, the purpose of the Almighty was accomplished. It would have been agreeable to my feelings to have got a few subscribers after having been publicly introduced as a man verging from the depths of insanity, but you were the only one. I heard it intimated that my book was a humbug. Must any regard the blessing from Elder Smith in the light of his wolf story. Let England's noble sons read my speech delivered on that occasion. The girls asked me to swing them, and the inquiry was made if I was going to write about it in my book. I was asked to give a little to the blind man Dudley, by one who said five dollars were given him coming over, and tho't me hard up not to do a bit. I put down his name, and as I understand he is a good man, I feel willing to give him five dollars after my book is published. I have taken pains in writing this letter, and if you want the book still you can send me word. With your line and this answer, I leave friend Brewster to fill out the closing letter to my first volume.

Most faithfully submitted, SOLON CURRIER.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 23, 1867.

Mr. SOLON CURRIER:—Dear Sir—Your letter of the 14th is received. As regards any trouble on my part, I don't think there is any at all. If you wish to send me your book when it is published, I should like it, and I will send the dollar when I get it. Enclosed please find the twenty cents you so generously forwarded to me.

In haste, FRANK R. CARLTON.

A SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The following is a speech which I delivered on the stand at Dimond Island in the Summer of 1867. I was introduced by Elder A. D. Smith, as a man recovering from the depths of insanity. At the close of my remarks he said I had done well, and pronounced the blessing of God upon me.

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To the Friends and Patrons of the Sabbath School Enterprise, connected with the Congregational and Freewill Baptist Societies of Laconia, N. H.

I am happy to be with you to-day on this excursion to the Lake-girt Isle, and so much the more as the signs of rain which the cloudy canopy of heaven, threatened in the morning, are dispelled by the brightness of the noonday sun. The beauties, harmonies and sublimities of nature are all about us. The grove, the cooling breeze, the picturesque landscape, the variegated scenery, with the many islands in the midst of purer waters than the old Ocean's brine, of which the Winnipesaukee can boast, serve to expand the heart and enlarge the views, of such as have their feelings pent up in village places. On such an interesting occasion as this, when the trees stretch forth their arms to heaven and praise God, and the better feelings of our hearts get the upper hands of us, I would take occasion to congratulate the friends who are engaged in the promotion of an institution, around which are clustered some of the brightest hopes of the Church of the Redeemer. While pondering upon the demands of the age, remembering the almost omnipotent influence of early impressions, encouraged by the past, and relying upon heaven's promises for the future, who, I ask, would not engage, with willing hearts in the instruction of children? It cheers my heart to hear the great principles of a common humanity proclaimed here to day. It is a great thing to understand the

secret springs of all our acts in life. "Know thyself," was an inscription upon a temple of the gods, and Thales the militian, is said to have been the first to give self-knowledge its due importance in the process of training individuals for the scenes of life. He was often heard to say, that it is the hardest thing on earth for one to know himself. Considering the nature and depth of this kind of research, it is doubtful that few have carried it to its fullest extent. In order to this one must know his real abilities, both of body and mind, he must understand where are the bounds to his corporial and mental nature; needing none to inform him what he can accomplish, and what he cannot. How will he act his part when inextricable difficulties crowd around his path? Surely to know all this is no slight, no ordinary task. It can be learned only by close application of thought to one's self, and by actually experiencing the different conditions through which man is called to pass. How futile for him to say as many do by way of censuring another, "I know I would not do as he does. I know I would act differently." Sir, you know now nothing as to how you would act, unless you have been placed in precisely the same circumstances; and perhaps if you have, you found you could not manage half as well as he. See a person possessed of self-knowledge in a high degree, who has a proper sense of his relations to his fellows and to his God, he will act with dignity and discretion in all the scenes of life. Is he superior in rank or character, he is still sensible that he is only a man, subject to the same frailties, pains and passions as other men; or is he in the more humble walks of life, he knows how to be content, quiet and thankful in his lower sphere. Or is he about to decide what occupation is best for him to follow in the great business affairs of this life, he will know what is best adapted to his capacities, and thus be enabled to take the wisest choice. The Sabbath School is a place where we may learn much of ourselves. To

obtain this kind of information, should be the effort of us all, for upon its possession depends, to a great extent, one's prosperity or adversity here, and his happiness or misery both here and hereafter. Well might the poet say:

"Know thou thyself, enough for thee to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man."

MY VIEWS AND POSITION.

I believe in the life and power of religion, and in loving God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. Christian perfection may be enjoyed by such as seek it by faith in Christ. I take the Bible for my creed, and fellowship all that love and adore the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. No professions, or preaching, or writing books, will carry me to heaven. I must live the life of the righteous in order to be accepted of God. Faithfully submitted,

SOLON CURRIER.

Letter to J. Harvey Brewster.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Grafton Co., Nov. 7, 1867.

JOHN H. BREWSTER, Printer—Dear Sir:—It is with much pleasure that I am enabled to complete the exceedingly long and laborious task of producing my book. The voice of God and men indicate that this effort should be cut short in righteousness, without the addition of Chapters X. and XI., about which you wrote, expressing your mind by a long letter. I think I had better take the advise of Jason F. Draper, who having been to school to Hiram Cass, thinks I had not better add to this volume, but some time get a large one published.

Sir, you know very well that in writing, a person makes a very awkward appearance when cramped, to what he does in a time of deliverance. My undue anxiety about enlarging

the contents of "*The Wheel of Fortune*," against which Prof. George H. Ricker, Principal of Gilford Academy, gave me a friendly caution, grew out of the result of the mistaken calculation of my friend Elder S. Ketchum, who wrote the notice of my book, which appeared in the Independent Democrat, estimated at about two hundred pages. No wonder that my great courage failed me, when I found I had in some respects unintentionally misrepresented the matter. You have discovered that my attempt to retrieve myself, by adding two Chapters, under such auspices, was uncalled for and impracticable. The four hundred subscribers for my book, which I obtained mostly in Plymouth and New Hampton a few years ago, will excuse the long delay, when they consider it was not in my power to publish. I wish to know wherein I have failed and learn to use refined language. If Prof. J. J. Butler, who has just returned from a European tour, would not invade, in writing for the morning Star, about England, the precincts of private life to gratify curiosity, no more would I. Rather than do this, I would observe the saying of a crippled soldier, David Glinn, viz: "If I ever pitch my tent again it shall be where the Devil can't come in."

I will mention a little item about my present work: Thomas F. Glinn, formerly a student at New Hampton, came into the woods beyond the pond, and was surprised to see about thirty cords of wood put up by me in so short a time. Some want to know why I am not preaching. Let it be remembered there are other ways of doing good without preaching. I have been permitted to listen, with much interest, to the preaching of Elder Daniel W. Barber, in Bridgewater, and seeing there a good work of grace. I have enjoyed much in the revival, and felt peace and consolation.

You say you do not wish me to deny myself necessary things in order to save money to pay you. In view of your willingness to be responsible for the binding of the books,

and your desire to have me appear in good spirits and well dressed, please accept my lasting gratitude and friendship.

In several defeats from publishing my book, I view a generous Providence. Having been about twenty-one years since I first began to write the history of my life, may I not regard the successful issue an occasion of joy and gladness, like that of a mother over her first born. As I close I would remark, from the depths of despair at the Asylum, hope revived as I called to mind my wonderful deliverance in the night at New Hampton. No wonder the inspired Psalmist exclaimed, "I call to remembrance my song in the night."

Forever yours, SOLON CURRIER.

Letter from J. Harvey Brewster:

LACONIA, N. H., Nov. 14, 1867.

MR. AARON CURRIER, Plymouth—

DEAR SIR:—As your son kindly suggests that I should "fill out the closing letter" of this volume, I beg to say that my acquaintance with Solon has been very pleasant; few men have greater industry and perseverance; and, in our intercourse, he has always been gentlemanly and very conscientious. At the beginning of the printing of his book, I intimated to him the propriety of submitting the copy to a gentleman of this vicinity of high literary attainments, an old acquaintance and teacher of his, for revision. His reply was, "Then it would not be my book." His wish was that the book should be the result of his own labor—and such it is. Many of his friends may have differed with him as to the *expediency* of the undertaking—but all, I think, will admit, that the result is very creditable to him.

Your Obt. Servant,

J. HARVEY BREWSTER.

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